# THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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## THE YOUNG IRELANDERS.

### An Interesting Account of the Manner in Which They Spent Their Time in Clonmel Jail.

#### How the News of Meagher's Conviction Reached Them—Their Love of Ireland.

The following authentic description of the confinement of the Young Irelanders will be found especially interesting to readers of this generation. It is from the pen of "Sliabh Mis," and appeared in the Dublin *Nation*, on Oct. 5, 1850:

There were heavy hearts in Clonmel Jail on Saturday evening, Oct. 22, 1848. Thomas Francis Meagher was in the dock awaiting the verdict of the jury who had tried him. The large cell at the top of the building, which was the sleeping apartment of McManus, O'Donohoe and Leyne, and the common salon during the day of some twenty others, was silent and cheerless. The central table was covered with a miscellaneous equipage of carousal glasses of all shapes and sizes, cans, mugs, jugs and contraband black bottles, containing specimens of Irish resources, proscribed by the Prison Board but seditiously introduced for the comfort and jollification of a very boisterous gang of Irish rebels. Ordinarily, at that hour, Meagher presided at our evening festivity. And such a capital president as he made! He was the life of our circle—so frank, gifted and beloved. His humor, his eloquence, which stirred us even there, and his intrepidity were the sunshine that made the old walls seem brighter than a palace. Oh! around that board I have had as glorious visions and felt as riotously happy as if no cloud were resting upon Ireland—as if no chain were clanking at my feet. Many a grand old Irish song was sung there; many a grand sentiment was uttered, many an inspired ballad recited; many a broken-voiced lament whispered for the past, and many a prophecy for future success rapturously applauded. Within the four seas there was not, at times, so disorderly a body of criminals, mad with merriment; and when the fit had passed, oh! but there were deep and earnest communings of the past and conjectures of the future of our dear Ireland.

One night we listened to fiery speeches full of the old spirit and burning eloquence that had aroused the heart of the nation, the words falling like the fiery tongues on the Apostles. On another we masqueraded at a concert. Meagher leading the band on his clarionet, accompanied by twenty manly voices and every variety of sound that could be extracted from accordeons, kettles, tins and tongs. On the next, we fought at the barricades. A heavy table used to be placed in the centre of the room and taken possession of by half the detachment; the other moiety stormed the garrison. We fought with pillows—very formidable and destructive weapons, if properly handled. Such charges, such shouts, such blows, such defenses, such drubbings! I think I should be valuable as a barricade man after that warm practice and invigorating discipline. I would engage to tumble the most stalwart member of the "B" division, if I had choice of my weapon, a short, hard-crammed pillow, or symmetrical bolster that would swing like Boadicea's flail. The contest lasted until we could fight no more.

To a spectator the meetings around that mess table would have worn the appearance of the festive gathering of an insurgent camp, not the poor prison revels of conquered rebels. Lord, how we frightened the jail from its propriety! And then, as the approach of one of the prison officers was heard, all the evidences of seditious enjoyment used to disappear with miraculous celerity, and on the entrance of the grave governor (who was a good fellow at heart), one-half of us would be found buried in books, the other devoted to innocent and improving combinations of the profound science of backgammon. The remonstrance of the governor or his noble-souled, generous deputy, would be listened to in affected respect and hypocritical silence. On his disappearance—good, zealous man, convinced that he had converted us to "peace, law and order," the revolutionary mania would break forth again and Clonmel jail be changed into a "model prison," according to our contumacious notions of "physical" enjoyment. Ah, these hours of prison life had their own joys! They bore flowers that for some of us shall ever bloom. They ripened friendships which the cold artificial world of intrigue and fashion knows not, with all its rigid formalities and genteel stupidities.

This Saturday night there are no revels. Meagher's place is vacant. But he is in all our thoughts. We canvass the chances of his escape; and every now and then one of us approaches a window which overlooks the street and communicates with a secret sentinel, who brings news from the court-house. How eagerly we speculate on every report that reaches us—on the character, position and, alas! religion of each juryman—on the delay in the finding of the verdict. The table and its stores are deserted. O'Donohoe, who, with O'Brien and McManus, had been already convicted, lies on his bed in an agony of suspense for the issue of the night. He idolized—he absolutely lived but to think of Meagher. McManus, erect as a rifleman on parade, strides vehemently up and down the apartment, muttering now and again some impetuous aspiration, or trying to inspire others with the confidence he feigns to feel. Anthony O'Ryan and Leyne sit with folded arms, side by side, in a remote corner, speaking not a word. The others are variously disposed—some reading Madden's "United Irishmen," others transcribing ballads from the "Library of Ireland," others sketching portraits of Meagher, Mitchel, O'Brien and Duffy, and one or two drawing pikes of formidable proportions on the whitened walls with the original crayon, a charred stick.

It was a solemn hour. The fate of the most beloved of brothers trembled in the scale; the fate of him for whose restoration we would have died with bounding joy. Suddenly the preconcerted signal is given from below, and the message delivered to us is that "the jury had disagreed." Not a sound for a moment, and then such a thrilling, uproarious shot of joy arose as never issued from mortal voices since the angels sang the world's birth hymn. Alas, our delirium was but short-lived. Another signal from below, and this is the message of doom: "The report was false! He is convicted. They are bringing him from the court!" I shall not seek to paint the change that fell like the announcement of eternal woe on us poor disenchanted mourners. Then came bursts of sorrow and imprecations of rage. We had borne up against every reverse and discomfiture. We had seen three others torn from us and doomed by the law. But while Meagher remained we scarcely knew a regret—certainly had not utterly despaired. But now—now!

They did bring him from the court. We received him at the end of the corridor, and through the iron gateway grasped his hand. We had not the usual welcome for him this night. He laughed gayly when he met us: "Good night, boys! Here I am, and found guilty; and glad, too, that they did convict me, for if I had been acquitted the people might say I had not done my duty! I am guilty and condemned for the old country. . . . Come in, come into the cell and let me have my dinner." We accompanied him to the cell. Some of us could not remain. Leyne stood in the corridor, weeping bitterly. O'Donohoe was spellbound at the doorway. McManus, shaking with agitation, held Meagher in his arms. The young convict was deeply affected by these evidences of grief and affection. But he soon recovered composure, and, coming into the passage, drew us into the room—"Come in—come in—I'm starved. . . . Now for one hour's fun." His spirit infected us as if by magic. We sat around him and heard the details of his trial given with inimitable humor and mimicry. He had us all laughing at his drollery in a few minutes. I shall never forget the merriment McManus evoked by asking, in his fiercest tone, when Meagher had finished his recital: "I say, Meagher, did you say anything to the scoundrels when the verdict was read?" Meagher shrieked with delight.

We had an hour's fun. As Davis has sung of another gathering:

"With bumpers and cheers we did as he bade,
For Tom Meagher was loved by the Irish Brigade!"

We drank to O'Brien and Butt. We toasted "The Convicted Traitors," "Gavan Duffy and the prisoners in Newgate and Kilmainham," and we pledged a brimming glass to "The Irish Republic." Meagher, O'Donohue and Leyne spoke speech after speech; and the last sang Duffy's noble song, "Watch and Wait," to a chorus that made the old walls reel again. How rapturously we thundered the concluding key-verse:

"Brothers, if this day should set
Another yet must crown our freedom;
That will come with roll of drum,
And trampling files, with men to lead them.
Who can save
Renegade or slave?
Fortune only twines her garlands
For the brave!"

"Gintlemin," observes an intrusive turnkey, poking his head inside the door, "the governor has heard the shoutin' an' he's comin' up, flamin' mad." "Oh, the d—l take all governors tonight. Hurra, boys, hurra!

"'Who can save
Renegade or slave?
Fortune only twines her garlands
For the brave!'

Hurra, again." The poor turnkey stands aghast. Enter governor, looking bolts and bars. "Gentlemen, to your cells! This is most improper conduct. I shall report to the Board, and have you separately confined." Meagher interceded. "The fault is his. He is the head and cause of the irregularity. But, as he is going to be hanged, he hopes the Board will not sentence him to solitary confinement, in addition to that decisive discipline."

Loud laughter from governor, corps of turnkeys and rebels. *Exeunt omnes*, in good humor, shaking hands freely.

This was the celebration of the conviction. There was no shrinking within the jail. Three days before, the prison officers had been seen by some of our comrades, examining "the drop," preparing the scaffold for the sacrifice of the genius, the hope, the forsaken chivalry of the trembling country. The appointed victims knew this. And still the love of Ireland, which had been their pure and glorious incentive, made them rejoice to mount the bloody platform of execution, carpeted with the torn banners of Ireland.

Oh! often in loneliest solitude, in that old cell, when I alone remained of the gang of rebels in Clonmel jail, have I thought of the heroism and intrepidity of the "traitors." When hope was wild in their hearts, in the first days of the revolt; when they seemed within a bound of success and glory; when, a short week after, they were hunted outlaws, stealing through the country by night, hiding by day in the woods and on hillsides, crouching in the sanctuary of the village chapel, concealed in the rude shieling of the peasant, or nursed by the warm hospitality of the gentleman farmer, flying from the police patrols and the recreants from Dublin who dogged their steps as the sleuth hounds of the Castle; captured, hopeless, convicted, condemned—never did one ignoble fear soil their purpose, nor one dastard regret violate the vows pledged to Ireland.

And I say to you, poor, cringing slaves of Ireland, that beyond his glory in the tribune, beyond the fame which diademed his brow, beyond all the triumphs of his eloquence, beyond the dominion of your passions, beyond the witching homage of fair women and the affection of bold men, was the grandeur of the intrepid bearing of the young orator of revolution when he stood rejoicing, defiant and inspired in the shadow of the gibbet, content "to bear the cross with the same loftiness of soul with which he had worn the laurel crown."

Seven days later, and it was whispered that the humane government of her most gracious majesty, Queen of England and various other countries, whether through remorse or policy I know not, had delicately recommended that the hungry hangman should be robbed of the prey allotted to him by the law. A grace purchased by no "selfish penitence," by no apologies from the "condemned cells." There was no loyal jubilee for this exertion of the apocryphal prerogative. Neither "God Save the Queen," nor "Rule Britannia," echoed in the prison. The "Marseillaise" and "The Wearing of the Green" were our vesper hymns.

### "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."

BY M. DONOVAN.

What kind are those barks that we hear of,
These "ships that pass in the night"—
That steal thro' the mist and the darkness
All hid from the keenest of sight?

Whither sail they? with what are they laden?
Who pilots while we are asleep?
Do they enter the harbor in safety,
Or submerge in the black wat'ry deep?

Ah! those ships that go by in the darkness?
Are bound for eternity's shore,
And no mortal meter can measure
The ocean these vessels sail o'er.

We only know darkness surrounds it,
That beyond is a day ever bright;
That the angels are watching and praying
For the "ships that pass in the night."

That the sails which they hoist are immortal;
That the cargoes they carry may be
So infested with moral corruption
They never can leave the dark sea.

That some of them surely are laden
With rubies and diamonds and gold,
And are piloted into the harbor
To remain there for ages untold.

Tho' our eyes may be aching to see them
And our bosoms all seething with pain,
They never come back with a message
From beyond the mystical main.

And some time—perhaps 'tis not distant—
The mist shall envelop our sight
And we shall become ere we know it
As "ships that pass in the night."

—*Union and Times.*

### OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS CLEMENTS.

Mr. Thomas Clements, native of Banagher, Ireland, died at his home after a brief illness, on the 3d inst., at the comparatively early age of 58 years. Interment took place at the family burying ground. The funeral was largely attended, which might have been expected, owing to the popularity of the deceased. Mr. Clements leaves seven children to mourn his loss, two of whom are well known in this city—D. Clements and P. Clements, and another, Wm. Clements, who is a prosperous young man in Philadelphia. Two of his daughters have devoted their lives to the cause of religion. They belong to the La Ste. Union. Annie, in religion, Sister D. M. Bibian, has entered a convent in Taunton, Mass., and Lizzie, in religion, Sister D. Leonice, has entered a convent in France. Two of his children are in Ireland—Mrs. Buckley and John Clements. The announcement of his death will be received with pain by his many friends in Chicago as well as in other places in this country.


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## ACCORDING TO THE ZODIAC.

### Eleanor Kirk Gives Some Character Readings—About Aries People.

#### She Credits Them With Great Executive Ability if Training is Given at the Proper Time.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 24.—Several of our readers have asked me to give certain character readings according to the signs of the Zodiac, and these requests have been supplemented by an invitation from the editor of one of these journals to do the same thing. It is a great pleasure for me to grant these requests, and in looking over the correspondence on this subject, I find the first inquiries have reference to the sign Aries. I will, as far as possible, point out the characteristics of those born during the period ranging from March 21 to April 19. It must, however, be understood that this sketch will be necessarily superficial, and cannot hope to do more than start the student to investigate for himself this most fascinating and inspirational subject.

As some of our friends confess that they do not know what the Zodiac is, it will be as well to state that it is a uniform belt extending around the heavens. We will call it about twelve degrees in breadth, and is divided into twelve equal parts of about thirty degrees each, which are called signs. These signs begin with Aries, the Ram, which is the positive sign of the Fire Triplicity and end with the negative sign of the Water Triplicity, called Pisces, Fishes. Between these signs are Taurus, the Bull; Gemini, the Twins; Cancer the Crab; Leo, the Lion; Virgo, the Virgin; Libra, the Scales; Scorpio, the Scorpion; Sagittarius, the Archer; and Capricorn, the Goat.

We will now proceed to Aries.

The sun enters this sign on or about March 21, and departs from it on or about April 19. As it takes six days for the sun to come into full touch and action with the signs, it seems to pass 21st and 22d of March must partake somewhat of the nature and impulses of the sign that preceded it. Therefore Pisces, Fishes, has something to do with those born at this time. It will not be possible to give the characteristics of those who fall under these dates in so brief a paper. But the intelligent reader will easily understand that a blending of Fire and Water, positive and negative, the beginning and the end of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, must produce a mixture of qualities which would be well worth investigating. Such spiritual, mental and physical analysis leads one into wonderful mansions, and life becomes a very different thing afterwards. The full force of the individuality of Aries is felt then about the 27th of March, and the native may be then called an Aries individual.

Aries has two distinct personalities—those who are short, and those who are tall and broad-shouldered. Aries people are usually possessed of great executive ability, and the exceptions are to be found among those who have been improperly taught and held back in youth. The intuition of those born under this sign is naturally so great and so true that they can see into affairs and projects which seem total darkness to other people, and can bring order and harmony and financial results out of apparent chaos. If Aries people are interfered with, they are very impatient and often exceedingly rebellious. They realize their own power and expect others to believe and trust in it as they do themselves. This is just as true of Aries children as of adults. The former should be led into explanations of their little schemes and desires, but should never be unkindly thwarted or discouraged. A wise living curb is necessary for these little folks, but they should never be allowed to feel or suspect it. If they do sense a restraint they will grow secretive and cunning, for the will with all born under this sign is a power that will lead to the accomplishment of a given purpose no matter what obstructions are put in the way. Aries people are sometimes called conceited, but this seeming fault is the result of their own correct estimate of themselves. As a rule Aries people detest details. One Aries woman can plan and lay out enough work for any number of people, down to the most minute particulars, but she does not intend to do any of this work if she can help it. These people are so executive that it seems almost a prostitution of talent that so many of them are compelled to labor with their hands. The tendency of this nature is to give up everything to the accomplishment of a desire, and this with the discouragement of finding usually so few people who are able to carry out the plans they have laid, or even to do the work fairly well, often brings on nervous prostration and serious head troubles. Aries people are very inspirational, and often "dream dreams and see visions." They are naturally interested in the occult and the obstruse. They are generous to a fault. They are not born patient, but with those they love, they are patient to stupidity. They are excellent readers of character, and while they may appear to be deceived in a person, they are rarely ever so in truth. Their loyalty to their friends causes them to overlook their faults and even their vices. Aries people are naturally clairvoyant and are often excellent mind readers. They are also natural comforters and healers. They sometimes talk too much, and need for these true growth to practice silence and concentration. The chief faults of these people are impetuosity and a desire to dominate everybody and everything. The awakened and developed Aries person is a royal character, but much training is needed. The processes of this development can be vaguely hinted at only on account of lack of space, and this is true also of the characteristics, the virtues talents, etc. All of these as well as those of every other sign of the Zodiac are fully set forth together with the government of children born under all the signs in my new book, "The Influence of the Zodiac Upon Human Life."

ELEANOR KIRK.

696 Greene avenue.

### CALIFORNIA IRISHMEN.

[*To the Editor.*]

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 11.—The Knights of the Red Branch Rifles held their second annual picnic at Shell Mound Park, Berkley, on Sunday, Sept. 9. The day was a typical one of the glorious climate of California, but the fat folks considered it a little hot. The friends of the company kept coming to the park until the late hour of 4 p.m., bringing the number of patrons up to about 5,000. The old Irish spirit manifested itself in a most pronounced manner so far as Irish jig, reel and hornpipe dancing is concerned, and the music, which was rendered by the well known violinist, Prof. McMahon, was soul-stirring. The regular pavilion, which was gorgeously decorated for the event, was well patronized by the broad shouldered boys and the coy maidens from the Green Isle as well as the descendants of the pioneers of their race.

The company which consisted of sixty-eight members in uniform, gave an exhibition drill which commanded the admiration of the spectators. The old time war horses were not a little surprised at the advancement the company have made in military tactics considering its youth, which is only about fifteen months old, and its captain received many a well merited compliment. The officers are: Captain, J. Sheehy; first lieutenant, M. Cacy; second lieutenant, M. Mannix; surgeon, P. J. O'Neill.

A. W.

### THAT EVERLASTING IRISHMAN.

"They be's all Hirlish there, I knows." "There was a grate dale depinded on that man. In fact the very lives of some of the prisoners depinded on him."

"I thought so," said the old man, exulting in his fancied victory. "I suppose he was the doc—"

"Doctor be d—d," answered his son-in-law, anticipating the word and throwing all the contempt of which his frank nature was capable into his voice. "The doctor was an Irishman."

"I thought as how you said the lives of some of the prisoners depended on the Hinglish official," said the old man, eyeing the other quizzically.

"And so they did," said his son-in-law.

"What was he, then?" queried the old man.

"He was the hangman! you animated stack of ignorance," came the answer; and amid a shout of laughter that shook the very roof, the old man bolted, muttering as he went—"That Hirish wretch always gets the last word, somehow."—*Sydney Freeman.*

### FREE EVENING SCHOOLS.

The evening schools, under the control of the Board of Education of the city of Chicago, will be opened Monday evening, Oct. 1, in the following public school buildings:

Evening High Schools, for instruction in book-keeping, mechanical and architectural drawing and short-hand, at Englewood High, Sixty-second street and Stewart avenue; English High and Manual Training, Monroe street, near Halsted; Lake High, Matteson and Winter streets; North Division High, corner of Wells and Wendell streets; Northwest Division High, Potomac avenue and Davis street; Pullman School (Calumet), Pullman avenue and 113th street; South Chicago High, corner Ninety-third street and Houston avenue; South Division High, corner Wabash avenue and Twenty-sixth street.

Evening Grammar Schools, for instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic and book-keeping, at: North Division—Agassiz, corner Diversey and Seminary avenues; Franklin, corner Division and Sedgwick streets; Hamilton, Cornelia street, between Woodside and Paulina; Huron Street, corner Huron and Franklin streets; Newberry, corner Willow and Orchard streets.

South Division—Beale, corner Sixtieth and Sangamon streets; Bowen, corner Ninety-third street and Houston avenue; Brighton, corner Thirty-fifth and Lincoln streets; Calumet Avenue, Calumet avenue, near Twenty-sixth street; Cornell, Drexel avenue, between Seventy-fifth and Seventy-sixth streets; D. S. [illegible] street; [illegible] third place, near Portland avenue; Haven, Wabash avenue, near Fourteenth street; Hendricks, corner Forty-third street and Tracey avenue; Holden, corner Deering and Thirty-first streets; O'Toole, corner Forty-eighth and Bishop streets; Pullman, corner Pullman avenue and 113th street; Raymond, corner Wabash avenue and Eda street; Sherwood, Fifty-seventh street and Princeton avenue; Van Vlissingen, 108th place, near Wentworth avenue.

West Division—Brainard, Washburn avenue, near Hoyne; Burr, corner Ashland and Waubansia avenues; Calhoun, Jackson street, near Francisco; Froebel, Twenty-first street, near Bobey; Garfield, corner Johnson and Henry streets; Hammond, Hinman street, near California avenue; Hayes, corner Leavitt and Fulton streets; Montefiore, corner Indiana and Sangamon streets; Polk Street, Polk street, east of Halsted; Scammon, corner Morgan and Monroe streets; Throop, Throop street, near Eighteenth; Tilden, corner Lake and Elizabeth streets; Von Humboldt, corner Rockwell avenue and Hirsch street; Walsh, corner Johnson and Twentieth streets; Wells, corner Ashland avenue and Cornelia street.

These schools will be open every week-day evening, except Saturday, commencing at 7 p.m. and closing at 9 p.m.


**Nervous Debility.**

Richard Damm, 164 Woodlawn avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., formally of Chicago, Ill., writes as follows: I was troubled with nervous debility and with pimples on my face, but after using seven bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I am perfectly cured.

**Hood's Pills cure indigestion.**


### Father Mathew Cadets.

The Father Mathew Cadets will give a drawing and entertainment at their hall, corner of Taylor and Miller streets, this (Saturday) evening, Sept. 29, at 8 o'clock. The programme will consist of a grand drawing of prizes, followed by an entertainment and dance. Among those who will take part in the entertainment are Miss Maud O'Brien, Miss L. Klein, Miss A. Vallely, Marcellaise Bros., Mr. Patrick H. Barry, and the Ideal Mandolin Orchestra. This is the first entertainment given by the Cadets, and they hope that their friends will turn out en masse and make it a success. The Cedets intend to make a fine showing in the great temperance parade on Oct. 10, Father Mathew's birthday.


**Something Interetsing to Every Family.**

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

# SCORES OF VICTIMS

## Mark the Pathway of the Late Fearful Tornado.

### DEAD ARE AN UNKNOWN NUMBER.

**Two Hundred Miles of Territory Covered with Wreck and Devastation by the Whirling Terror—The Worst Disaster That Has Been Recorded for Years—Number of Those Who Were Sent to Eternity May Reach 100.**

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—Details of the loss of life by the cyclone that swept over Iowa and Minnesota are provokingly incomplete, but the following is the total number of dead as far as it can be estimated from the dispatches received: Near Algona, Ia., 25; in Mitchell county, Ia., 10; north of Wesley, Ia., 15; near Osage, Ia., 5; Cylinder, Ia., 4; Cerro Gordo county, Ia., 5; Spring Valley, Minn., 3; Leroy, Minn., 4; near Britt, Ia., 7; total, 77. The wires have been blown down all along the line of disaster, which accounts for the slow returns of reliable death lists.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 24.—The cyclone that swept the country between Spencer, Ia., and Marshland, Wis., has put a large, but at this writing unknown, number of persons in mourning—a much greater number than was indicated by the first dispatches. The disaster is one of the worst that has been recorded for years in the one item of loss of life, to say nothing of the destruction of property. A narrow strip of country 200 miles long was laid waste by the hurricane. In the path of the "twister" are ruined towns, devastated farms, and more than 100 dead and injured people. Starting about ten miles south of Spencer, in northwestern Iowa, the wind at 8 o'clock p. m. began its work of destruction. It swept across the state just north of Emmetsburg and Algona, wiping out the little town of Cylinder, but mostly injuring the country districts. After passing by Mason City and ruining the country northwest of Osage, it bore off to the northeast, crossing the Minnesota line, and soon after 10 o'clock wrecked the little town of Leroy, where a bad fire added to the destruction.

**An Estimate of the Fatalities.**

Spring Valley was right in the path of the cyclone and suffered severely. Turning again to the east the little towns of Homer and Lowther were badly damaged and at one time reported completely wiped off the face of the earth. After crossing the Mississippi and doing considerable damage to farm buildings near Marshland, Wis., the storm seemed to have spent its force. A smaller storm did some damage at Dodge Center, which was not in the path of the main cyclone. The path of the storm was not wide, but it had all the characteristic of the deadly tornado and the dimensions of a cyclone. Just how many lives have been lost is still uncertain, but the reports received so far indicate that certainly not less than fifty-two are dead, while some reports place the number at from sixty to 100. The towns damaged or destroyed are Cylinder, Britt, Forest City and Manly Junction, in Iowa; Leroy, Spring Valley, Dodge Center; Homer and Lowther, Minnesota, and Marshland, Wisconsin.

### RAVAGES IN KOSSUTH COUNTY.

**Nineteen Dead Buried and Others to Follow—Freaks of the Tornado.**

Kossuth county, Ia., in which Algona is situated, seems to have suffered the most in killed. In that county yesterday was a day of sorrow. Nineteen funerals were held, and others will be held today. The death list of the county is as follows: Robert Stevenson; Mrs. George Beaver and child; George Holman's child; Jacob Dingman, of Fort Dodge; Mrs. Fred French and two children; child of Albert Baken; William Sweppe, boy and girl; Clauseden's child; Moses Caster and wife; Thomas Tweed's mother, and two children; Rockwell's baby. At least six more will die.

The injured are reported at thirty-nine in number, as follows: Mrs. Robert Stevenson; Mrs. Carl Barrick—may die; Carl Barrick; Barrick's boy; three other children in the same family; George Beaver's infant child and adopted boy; Horace Schenk—will probably die; Mrs. Myron Schenk and child; Mrs. George Holman and four children; Mrs. Clauseden—cannot live; W. M. Ferguson, wife and child; Mrs. Peter Peterson, skull fractured; Mrs. Swan Peterson, both arms and both legs broken; D. T. Ferguson—family all slightly injured; Tow Tweed, severely hurt; Alex Tweed's wife and five children; Mrs. Rockwell, badly hurt; J. Eden, very badly hurt; Mrs. F. Meyers.

Thomas Britton, a farmer near Wesley, is reported missing, and it is presumed that he is killed. Professor A. J. Lilly, of the northern Iowa normal school, came in from Garner and reported thirteen dead in Ellington township north of Garner, twelve near Manley Junction, and sixteen north of Britt. Coffins for the dead are piled up at every station, and scenes of the wildest grief are enacted. The storm as witnessed from Algona was one of indescribable grandeur. A funnel-shaped cloud of inky blackness swept along to the northeast, illuminated by almost continuous flashes of lightning. The roar of the thunder was deep and continuous. The opera house at Algona was packed to witness a popular play, and almost a panic was occasioned by the war of the elements.

Robert Stevenson, living four miles north of Whittemore, was the first victim. He was hit in several places, and a stick driven into his head. He lay unconscious until death. His grove looked as though it had been mowed down by a scythe. Carl Barrick's house on Henry Durant's place was made into kindling wood in an instant, and all the fourteen occupants except two children were injured. Mrs. Barrick was hurt in the back by timber and her spine so injured that her body and lower limbs are paralyzed. The house of Fred Pompe was completely demolished, but his wife and five children came out of the wreck unhurt. The force of the wind was such that barbed wire was stripped from the posts. At George Holman's the roof of the house went, leaving the walls standing, and the whole family was carried up from between the walls and away about thirty rods, one child being killed.

M. W. Ferguson's family was carried some distance through the air and all but one landed in a willow hedge. The baby went a little farther and was found seated on a piece of roof. The wife of Swan Peterson had her skull cut open in two places, and the exposed parts of her head were literally packed with sand, plaster, hair and grass. Particulars are coming into Algona all the time which indicate that half the terrors of the cyclone have not been told. The destruction of property will not be less in Kossuth county than $100,000. Most of the farmers are well to-do with snug bank accounts, and others are wealthy, but numbers of the victims are renters, who have lost everything—some even their families. The permantly crippled will make a long and sorrowful list.

### DEAD AND FATALLY WOUNDED.

**Names of Forty-One of Those Whose Lives Were Crushed Out.**

The list of dead and wounded are incomplete, but the following is the best obtainable at this writing of the dead and fatally hurt: At Cerro Gordo, Ia., the dead are—D. T. Haddon, Mrs. D. T. Haddon, Ellery McKercher, John Patterson, Peter Peterson. The fatally injured—Miss Maggie Baker, Miss Edith Bentley, Alice McKercher, Harold McKercher, James O'Neill, Sr.

At Spring Valley, Minn., dead—N. Dodge, Mrs. N. Dodge, child of Frank Mashek. Fatally hurt—Mrs. Louise Rose and C. G. King. Charles Dodge, Mrs. William Boree, Lena Rose, and Sallie Williams were seriously wounded.

At Leroy, Minn., dead—Mrs. Dunton, Henry Finley, —— Gilberson, a drummer boy; Joe Nelson, laborer.

Near Wesley, Ia., dead—M. Casler, Mrs. M. Casler, J. W. Dingman, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Eden, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Rockow, Fred French, M. Schweppe, two children of Fred French, two children of Thomas Tweed, two children of M. Schweppe, Mrs. Tweed.

At Britt, Ia., dead——— Jacobson, —— Griggs, Mrs. —— Similton, Mrs. —— Stuggart, child of Mrs. Similton, two children of Mrs. Stuggart.

At Cylinder, Ia., dead—Alexander Goulden, Mrs. A. Goulden, two children of Alexander Goulden.

A special from Leroy says: The cyclone sufferers are in a very destitute condition. The loss will exceed $100,000. Thirty families are entirely destitute, and many business men have lost their all. Money is needed badly. The local relief committee is doing all in its power, which is limited.

### ONE HUNDRED HURT AT CHATFIELD.

**Building in Which a Ball Was in Progress Wrecked with Sixty Others.**

CHATFIELD, Minn., Sept. 24.—The cyclone visited this place and did dire damage, cutting a wide path through the woods just on the outskirts and demolishing the east side of the village. This the most thickly populated part of the town. At the beginning of the storm a ball given by the brass band was in progress at the Opera House. This building was among the sixty other that were wrecked, and in it nearly all in attendance at the ball received injuries more or less severe.

The list of wounded will reach 100. A fire was started by the overturning of a lamp in the establishment of Palmer & Brown, and the hardware store of Smart & Baker and the Caswell hotel were destroyed. The large general store at this place was moved five rods from the foundation and the three men inside at the time escaped uninjured.

### ALIX THE TROTTING QUEEN.

**Does the Mile in a Quarter of a Second Below the Record.**

GALESBURG, Ills., Sept. 20.—Fifteen thousand people yelled themselves hoarse when the great trotting queen Alix beat the world's record by coming under the wire in 2:03¼. The day was an ideal one for such an event and the track was in good condition. The interest was so intense that when the event was announced and the mare was brought out the crowd cheered and pushed itself out on the track until it was dense with people. Williams asked all who wanted Alix to beat the world's record to stand back, and this not answering company C was sent down the track, clearing it and establishing a line to keep men back. Among those who saw the race was Senator Cullom.

**Eckels to Ohio Bankers.**

CLEVELAND, Sept. 21.—The Ohio Bankers' association, in session here, was addressed by Comptroller of the Currency Eckels, who in the course of his speech said: "There is no sentiment embodied in the laws of money, and no matter how great may be the volume of the currency, if each and every dollar of that currency is not of value to pass current in the world of business it cannot add to the blessings of the people. To be productive of the people's good it must, whether of gold, silver, or paper, in the very order of things, be of unquestioned and unvarying value, and when called into requisition discharge, without the aid of legal tender acts, at home or abroad, the obligations of the holders."

**Is a Fireboy and Proud of It.**

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 24.—Francis M. Loggan, thirty years a firebug and proud of it, has been sent to the state penitentiary for five years for setting fire to the yards of the Kansas City Lumber company. He volunteered the statement that he had been causing big fires in all parts of the United States and Canada for thirty years. He was responsible for numerous small fires in Milwaukee this year, but with a proud ring in his voice he declared that in Rock Island, Ills., and Providence, R. I., he set the biggest fires of his career.

**Fatal Fire at Portland, Ore.**

PORTLAND, Sept. 24.—The most disastrous fire in the history of this city broke out at 4:30 yesterday afternoon in the dock of the Pacific Coast Elevator company, and raged for three hours, destroying property valued at nearly $1,500,000.

Three men are supposed to have perished in the elevator. Charles Anderson, a man named Brown and one named Murray were seen at an upper story window of the elevator, and it is thought they were all burned.

**Mrs. Bennett Acquitted of Murder.**

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., Sept. 24.—The jury in the celebrated Bennett-Wiese murder case has returned a verdict of not guilty, after being out a little over five hours. Only four ballots were taken. This was the second trial, the jury disagreeing in the first. The verdict meets general approval.

**Fatal Crossing Accident.**

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 24.—Mrs. H. L. Buell of Greeley, Colo., and Misses Mabel and Helen Sluts of London, O., while in a buggy at London were struck by a Big Four train, killing Mrs. Buell and fatally wounding the other two women.

### HAFLEY, THE COUNTERFEITER.

**His Arrest at Ashley, Ills., Considered a Very Important Capture.**

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—The arrest of A. H. Hafley, alias Waterman, at Ashley, Ills., is regarded as a very important capture by Chief of the Secret Service Hazen. The plate which he counterfeited (the $20 Manning note) was so well calculated to deceive that an Arkansas sheriff who made the first arrest in the case sent to the treasury department a genuine note along with one of the counterfeit notes as samples of the counterfeits. The counterfeit had been made less than two months and it is believed that not more than $4,000 were printed. The plate was made by a photograph engraving process on copper.

Young Hafley, who did the work, and who is only about 25 years old, it is believed at one time was employed in the bureau of engraving and printing in this city. The Wilson brothers, who were arrested at Jonesboro, Ark., while "shoving" the counterfeits, are wealthy stave dealers. They advanced the money for the plant, it is alleged. Young Hafley came to grief through a woman. He was traced to Buffalo through her and captured through means of directions sent to the Buffalo postoffice for forwarding his mail.

**Another Counterfeiter Arrested.**

SIOUX CITY, Sept. 22.—Near Castalia, S. D., United States Marshal Ryan has captured Levi Clark, a counterfeiter, together with tools for coining money on a large scale. Clark worked in a small house out on the prairie, and his place was discovered by accident.

**Two More Respectable Rascals.**

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 22.—William Ledbetter, a farmer, and J. H. Clayton, an engineer living near St. Clair, Mo., have been brought here under arrest for counterfeiting silver dollars.

### DIDN'T KNOW WHERE IT STOOD.

**The Ashland District Committee Does a Crawfish Act.**

FRANKFORT, Ky., Sept. 24.—The Democratic committee of the Seventh congressional district met here to canvass the vote cast a week ago in the congressional primaries, and demonstrated its ability to lose its bearings, as it were, and not know "where it is at." Of course Owens was declared the nominee, Breckinridge making no contest—merely filing a protest against the conduct of the election, charging heavy fraudulent voting, which he supported by comparative tables showing the vote of Sept. 15 at the primaries to have been much heavier in Fayette, Franklin and Scott counties than the vote for Cleveland or Breckinridge in 1892.

In closing his protest Breckinridge announced his intention to support the nominee. The vote as canvassed was: Owens, 8,074; Breckinridge, 7,819; Settle, 3,403. The committee then adopted resolutions declaring that the refusal of election officers to obey the rule requiring voters who took part in the management of a party to accept the decision of a majority and support the candidate and the invocation of an injunction against that rule, had caused its total suspension in one county and great relaxation in others, so that the election was not held under the law and regulation, but on the face of the returns Owens had a plurality and was declared the nominee and all good Democrats were urged to support him.

This sort of indorsement was poison to Owens and his friends, and when he heard of it he was indignant and refused to accept the nomination thus handicapped. The committee was therefore called together again, and in a brief time the committee had reconsidered its action and passed a resolution simply stating that Owens was the nominee and urging all Democrats to support him, the vote for reconsideration being 6 to 3. Then an attempt to censure Judge Cantrell—the judge who issued the injunction complained of—was defeated—6 to 4—and the committee adjourned.

### SENTENCES OF A. R. U. MEN.

**Some Heavy Ones Imposed at Butte and Los Angeles.**

BUTTE, Mont., Sept. 23.—Judge Knowles, of the United States circuit court here, has rendered his decision in the case of the twenty-two men arrested at Lima, a station on the Union Pacific road, and this city a few weeks ago for contempt of court in interfering with the running of trains on the Union Pacific road during the recent railroad strike. J. H. Calderhead, president of the local American Railway Union; Fred Falker, chief train despatcher; L. D. Garvin, the operator at Silver Bow; W. B. Dye and H. Barton, railroad employes at Lima, and George Boomer, an engineer of this city, were convicted and received a sentence of thirty days in jail and a fine of $100.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Sept. 23.—Judge Ross, in the federal court, sentenced Gallagher and Buchanan, American Railway Union strikers, to eight months' imprisonment in the county jail and a fine of $500. The men are among those who attempted to intimidate non-union men on the Southern Pacific railway during the strike.

**Bold Attempt at Bank Robbery.**

MOUNT STERLING, Ills., Sept. 25.—A young farmer named Raleigh Conkling rode to the rear door of the banking house of Bloomfield, Skiles & Co., dismounted, entered, and with a double-barrelled shotgun held up its cashier. He then gathered up $411 in money and attempted to get away, but was caught, and the money recovered, after a little fight. He shot at A. J. Nighswonger, who attempted to prevent his getting on his horse, but only inflicted slight flesh wounds.

### THE DEATH RECORD.

JAMES F. GILLETTE, one of the pioneer packers of Chicago.

Major THOMAS TURTLE, one of the best known officers of the engineers' corps, at Washington.

Mrs. JAMES BRYAN, wife of the editor of The Daily News, at Creston, Ia.

THOMAS H. GREEN, recorder of deeds, at Philadelphia.

Rev. Dr. JAMES A. BOLLAS, senior canon of Trinity cathedral, at Cleveland.

J. B. IRMON, wealthy citizen of Hudson, Wis.

Dr. J. J. HOFSTETTER, widely known physician, at Clinton, Ia.

GEORGE F. ANDERSON, an old settler of Princeton, Ills.

E. B. LEHENBING, millionaire Pennsylvania coal operator, at Hamburg, Germany.

General WILLARD SLOCUM, veteran of the late war, at Ashland, O.

JAMES ANDERSON, grand scribe of the Ohio I. O. O. F., at Chattanooga, Tenn.

ROBERT P. THOMPSON, superintendent of the Western Methodist Book Concern, at Cincinnati.

# MORTGAGES ON FARMS.

## BULLETIN FROM THE CENSUS OFFICE CONCERNING KANSAS.

**Nearly 60 Per Cent. of the Farms Owned by Those Cultivating Them and 53.5 of the Latter Incumbered to 35.99 Per Cent. of Their Value.**

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Three bulletins have been issued from the census office showing land ownership and debt in the states of Kansas, Arkansas and Alabama. The bulletins show that of the farms in Kansas 31.03 per cent. are hired and 68.97 per cent. are owned by the persons cultivating them. Of the farms 53.5 per cent. are encumbered by mortgages. The mortgages on farms amount to $73,759,283, which is 35.99 per cent. of their value.

**Interest at the Rate of 8.15 Per Cent.**

This debt bears an average rate of interest of 8.15 per cent, the average annual interest charge to each family owning an encumbered farm being $92. Each of the encumbered farms is worth on the average $3,219, and subject to a debt of $1,126. Of the houses 42.65 per cent. are hired. Of the number of owned homes 60.84 are held for encumbrance. Real estate purchase and improvements caused 52.01 per cent. of the farm owners to incur debts upon them.

**Some Figures from Arkansas.**

In Arkansas 53.94 per cent. of the farms are owned, and 95.83 per cent. of the owned are free of incumbrance. On owned farms there are encumbrances amounting to $2,082,343 which is 44.58 per cent. of their value. The average interest charge is 9.35 per cent. Of the homes 32.85 per cent. are owned and of them 94.15 per cent. are free of encumbrance.

In Alabama 43.15 per cent. of the farms are owned and 93.65 per cent. of the farms owned are free of encumbrance. The debt on owned farms amounts to $1,907,199, which is 43.77 per cent. of their value. The average interest is 8.91 per cent. Of the homes 22.88 per cent. are owned and 97.01 of these are free of encumbrance.

### TESTS FOR A MAGAZINE RIFLE.

**Naval Officers Expecting Great Things from Their Small Calibre Gun.**

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Naval officers are expecting great things from their new small calibre magazine rifle. The board which will conduct the tests of the weapons meets at the Newport torpedo station a week from today. It is not yet known how many weapons will be submitted to the competition, but the navy department has furnished thirty-two barrels of rifles to makers and inventors who have applied for them in order to apply their own breech mechanisms. It is certain that several of the great European rifle makers will submit arms to this competition and the list will include the Mannlicher, the Krag-Vordensen, the Mauser and the Dauleteau.

The last named is a new French gun made by the Hotchkiss company and for which superior merit is claimed. Two of them have been under trial by the expert rifle team of the District of Columbia, who have reported that they are very much better than the new army rifle. The gun is said to have a trajectory so flat that it shoots point blank up to 600 yards, a most valuable feature in a service rifle. Naturally this report is very gratifying to the naval ordnance people, who have been severely criticised for adopting the extremely small calibre of six millimetres instead of contenting themselves with the large size fixed upon by the army small arms board.

**Is It a Constitutional "Question?"**

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Solicitor Reeve, of the treasury, has rendered an opinion which involves the constitutional question whether congress has a right to pass a law which impairs the obligation of contracts. At its last session congress passed an act reducing the compensation of surfmen employed at life saving stations on the great lakes. The question at issue was whether this reduction applied where contracts with surfmen at the old rates had already been entered into. The solicitor finds that the said act was not intended to apply to existing contracts with surfmen at lake stations.

**Pullman Strike Commission.**

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—The United State strike commission appointed by the president to investigate the recent Chicago labor troubles will meet in this city at the department of labor tomorrow at 11 o'clock a. m., at which time the commission will be in readiness to receive in writing any suggestion which may be made relative to the solution of questions involved in the late controversies. It will at that time also hear any parties who may desire to be heard relative to the facts involved.

**Mrs. Glasscock's Co-Respondents.**

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—The attorneys on behalf of Charles Glasscock in his suit for divorce against his wife, naming Senator Stewart as co-respondent, have asked leave to include the affidavits offered by Senator Stewart as evidence of the intimacy of Mrs. Glasscock with W. R. Abell and James S. Cobb, mentioned in those affidavits, these two persons thus being brought into the case as additional co-respondents.

**Counterfeiting Gang Wiped Out.**

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Chief Hazen, of the secret service, has received news of the arrest at Clinton, Mo., of J. B. McCullough, another counterfeiter connected with Hafley. The Grant-head plates, from which the notes were printed, and $3,800 in bogus notes were captured. This arrest completely wipes out this notorious gang and all their plates, money and materials have been captured.

**John L. Explains to the Man on the Door.**

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—John L. Sullivan, while driving about town, dropped in at the White House. The place was closed for repairs, so the ex-pugilist was not admitted, although he explained to the watchman at the main door that he was much better known than he who occupied the mansion.

**Strike Situation Unchanged.**

FALL RIVER, Mass., Sept. 25.—The strike situation is still practically unchanged. The Durfee mills continue to run with a full complement of operatives, while the Seaconnet is operating a few looms with non-union weavers. The strikers gather at all the Seaconnet mills morning and night, but there has been no trouble.

**Iowa Soldiers' Home Shortage.**

MARSHALLTOWN, Sept. 21.—The shortage in the Iowa Soldiers' home accounts has been reduced to $300 by two weeks' investigation of the official committee.

### WHISKY TRUST CONDEMNED.

**Judge Gibbons at Chicago Says It Has No Right of Existence.**

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—Ever since May 19, 1893, a fight has been going on in the courts here against the whisky trust, the fight having been inaugurated by Attorney General Moloney. The case has at last come to a head and Judge Gibbons has rendered a decision that disposes of it in the lower courts. The trust fought the case step by step, but all its pleas were overruled or otherwise rejected by the different courts.

The final decision declares that the concern is a trust, it matters not what name it goes by, or how it came into possession of the property it controls; it does control eighty-one distilleries and is undoubtedly a trust that ought not to be tolerated. The judge said in the course of his decision: "Corporations may flourish and expand, but competition and individualism must neither be thwarted nor crushed."

### DASH FOR LIBERTY.

**Four Prisoners Escape from the Criminal Court at St. Louis.**

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 24.—A daring attempt to escape, and successful in the case of four, was made by the prisoners in the docks of the criminal court room here. The men had been brought up to plead, having been indicted, and it was during confusion occuring at the dock gate that the dash for liberty was made with the result that four got away while three others who got out of the building were recaptured. The recaptured men are James McNamar and Ed Kelliher, burglars, and James C. Barton, alias Bryant, the Chicago diamond nipper, who is also under indictment for assault to kill as well as diamond robbery. The four who got away are William Blagdien, indicted for assault to kill; Ed Carr, Al Harris and James Foss, burglars.

### MANACLED SKELETONS FOUND.

**Dug Up in the Court Yard of the Customs House at St. Petersburg.**

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 25.—A number of skeletons with manacles attached to the arm and leg bones have been found buried close to the surface of the court yard of the customs house. A similar discovery was made a few years ago at almost the same place, but upon the former occasion instruments of torture were also discovered with the skeletons. It is stated that a secret chancellery of the tyranical regent Biren, the favorite of Empress Anna, was situated where the remains were found. Anna ruled from 1730 to 1736. It is stated that 20,000 victims of Biren's tyranny perished during these six years.

**Another Arctic Expedition Gets Back.**

ST. JOHNS, Nd., Sept. 25.—The last of the parties put ashore on the Labrador coast by the steamer Miranda has returned here by the vessel Virginia Lake. This was the University of Pennsylvania expedition consisting of four professors, and in charge of Prof. Hite. The party spent the summer making an exploration of Sandwich Bay, North Labrador. Three great rivers were explored and charts of them made.

**Strike Leader Nominated for Office.**

WOODLAND, Cal., Sept. 24.—Harry Knox, leader of the late strike, who is charged with complicity in train wrecking at Sacramento, and now out on bail, has been unanimously nominated for sheriff of Yolo county by the People's party county convention.

**Suicide of a Peoria Man.**

PEORIA, Ills., Sept. 24.—William Wieting, son of John C. Wieting, a leading jeweler, committed suicide by hanging in his father's barn. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of suicide while temporarily insane. He was 35 years old.

**The Case Against Debs.**

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—The government is preparing to submit the final argument in the case against President Debs, of the American Railway Union, Sept. 25, at Chicago.

### MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

**New York Financial.**

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.

Money on call easy. Offered at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3@3½ per cent. Sterling exchange dull with actual business in bankers' bills 486@486¼ for demand and 483¾@483¾ for sixty days; posted rates 486@486½. Commercial bills 484@484¼.

Silver certificates, 63½ bid; no sales; bar silver 63½. Mexican dollars 52.

United States bonds, 5's regular 119¼; do. 5's coupons, 119¼; do. 4's regular, 114; do. 4's coupons, 115; do. 2's, 96 bid; Pacific 6's of '95, 101 bid.

**Chicago Grain and Produce.**

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—September, opened 54¾c, closed 53¾c; December, opened 54½c, closed 54¾c; May, opened 59¼c, closed 59¾c. Corn—September, opened 50¼c, closed 51½c; October, opened 50¾c, closed 51½; May, opened 50¾c, closed 51½c. Oats—September, opened 28¾c, closed 28¼c; October, opened 28¼c, closed 29¼c; May, opened 33¾c, closed 34¼c. Pork—September, opened $13.27½, closed $13.40; January, opened $13.20, closed $13.30. Lard—September, opened $—, closed $8.42½; January opened $—, closed $—.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 21½c per lb; extra dairy, 21c; packing stock, 12@13c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 15@15½ per doz. Live Poultry—Chickens, 8½ per lb; spring chickens; 9c; ducks, 7½@8c; turkeys, 6@8c; geese, $4.00@6.00 per doz. Potatoes—Rose, 65@68c per bushel; early Ohio, 65@66c. Apples—$1.60@2.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover in 1-lb sections, 12@12½c; broken comb, 10@11c; dark comb, good condition, 10c; strained California, 5@6c.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 19,000; sales ranged at $2.75@3.35 pigs, $3.10@3.85 light, $3.05@3.25 rough packing, $3.15@4.00 mixed, and $3.30@4.25 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 25,000; quotations ranged at $3.55@5.40 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.90@5.75 good to choice do, $4.30@4.75 fair to good, $3.35@4.40 common to medium do, $2.80@3.50 butchers' steers, $1.00@2.75 stockers, $2.60@3.35 feeders, $1.25@3.00 cows, $2.25@3.35 heifers, $1.50@3.25 bulls $2.70@3.20 Texas steers, and $2.00@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts for the day, 20,000; prices ranged at $1.65@3.50 western, $1.40@2.75 Texans, $2.40@3.60 natives, and $1.50@4.10 lambs.

**Milwaukee Grain.**

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 24.

Wheat—Firmer; No. 2 spring, 56c; No. 1 northern, 60c; December, 54½c. Corn—Lower; No. 3 white, 53c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white, 31c; No. 3 white, 31@31½c. Barley—Steady; No. 2, 52½c; samples, 51½@55c. Rye—Scady; No. 2, 49½c.

**St. Louis Grain.**

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 24.

Wheat—Cash, lower, 48¾c; options better; September, 48¾c; October, 48¼c; December, 51c; May, 56¾c. Corn—Lower; cash, 35½c; September, 48c; October, 31½c; December, 47¼c; May, 43½@43¾c. Oats—Firm; cash, 28½c; September, 28¾c; October, 29¼c; May, 34½c. Pork—Lower; jobbing, $13.87½. Lard—Lower; steam, $8.37; choice, $8.45.

# HISTORY OF A WEEK.

**Thursday, Sept. 20.**

Senator Hill's name is now mentioned in connection with the New York Democratic nomination for governor.

J. B. Ismon, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Hudson, Wis., was found dead in the yard of his son-in-law, William B. Andrews. Heart disease probably.

The National Letter Carriers' association, in convention at Cleveland, howled down Chairman Powers, of the legislative committee, when he rose to make his report, because he is charged with gross neglect of his duty and other offenses.

Mary Desha, who is Representative Breckinridge's sister-in-law, writes from Washington to the anti-Breckinridge women in the Ashland district thanking them for their share in the defeat of Willie.

Professor Roux, of Paris, at the recent hygienic congress at Buda-Pesth, asserted that in the Paris hospitals 75 per cent of the children inoculated with Behring's antidiphtheritine (serum taken from horses), were saved, while of those not inoculated 60 per cent. died, and only 40 per cent. survived.

**Friday, Sept. 21.**

The opinion of the solicitor of the treasury regarding the date on which the new tariff law went into effect has been published. He says that although the question is not free from doubt, in his opinion the date was Aug. 28 last.

Because Patrick McBride would not take back a balky horse which he had imposed upon William George in a trade the latter shot McBride fatally. Both men are farmers near St. Joseph, Mo.

The Washington Republican state convention voted down a resolution for free silver at the old ratio by a vote of 261 to 224.

The mayor of Chicago has ordered the closing of all the gambling places in that city. Meanwhile the Civic Federation will continue at work. The sheriff raided the gambling den over the "House of David" and seized all the paraphernalia.

George Schmous was hanged at Allegheny, Pa., for the murder of his wife and two children July 27, 1893.

**Saturday, Sept. 22.**

Four ex-postmasters of Jefferson county, Ala., have been indicted by the United State court for embezzling postoffice funds.

W. T. Goetze, a guard in the Ohio penitentiary was stabbed in the neck and groin by Convict William Moore, of Cincinnati.

The mayor of Chicago has now issued an edict that all saloons must close at midnight.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst attacked Superintendent Byrnes and the police system of New York and matters relating to them in one of the most severe speeches that he has ever made.

London doctors have decided no further operation on Gladstone's eye is necessary.

Quarries located in Waukesha county, Wis., valued at $300,000, owned by the Hadfield company, are to be sold at auction on Oct. 4 by the assignee.

Pittsburg merchant tailors want to reduce wages from 11 to 20 per cent. and their employes threaten to strike in consequence.

Mrs. Henrotin, of Chicago, president of the Federated Women's clubs, is out with an appeal to the women of Illinois to vote for university trustees at the coming election.

**Monday, Sept. 24.**

George Walcott has been arrested at Yankton, S. D., on charge of being connected with the "green goods" business.

All attempts to compromise the strike in the Massilon (O.) coal district have proved futile and the mine owners will put negroes to work in the mines.

By the capsising of a boat in the Ohio at Portsmouth, O., David Nutter, Robert Thompson, Daniel Harrigan, Mont Chester and Ernest Thomas, were drowned, all colored and single.

Rudolph Glende, a 10-year-old boy, did not stop when an officer commanded him to do so, and the officer shot him in the foot. Happened at Milwaukee.

Five acres of ground upon which were twenty-six dwellings have caved in at Duryea, a Pennsylvania mining town. The houses are wrecked and the mine beneath the town is full of water, making 500 men idle until the water can be pumped out.

There is a woman weighing only ninety-eight pounds (from Georgia, of course) at New York, who can not be lifted against her will. Sandow, the strong man, has tried to lift her, and failed dismally, and he can lift 5,000 pounds.

**Tuesday, Sept. 24.**

Major Beresford, of the Royal engineers, stationed at Halifax, N. S., either jumped or fell from the roof garden of the Halifax hotel and was killed.

It seems that J. C. Marsh, the Chicago man who willed his property after the death of the life beneficiary, his sister, to a ritualistic Episcopal church, thought better of it and made another will, giving the church a possible chance as third beneficiary.

Eight Boston contractors have signed the scale of the Garment Workers' union and given bonds to abide by it.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the American Public Health association has convened at Montreal with many physicians present from all parts of America.

William E. French, Charles E. Scoville, Samuel G. Evans and Herman Ingle, all business men of Evansville, Ind., have sailed for London to testify against Colonel Jaquess, who is estimated to have fraudulently secured in the neighborhood of $300,000 from American claimants of the mythical Townley estate in England.


**Distress in the Stomach**

"I had trouble with my stomach for a long time and could not get anything that would do me any good. Last February I had

**Inflammation**

of the stomach, and was so bad for a week, that even light food would cause

**Great Distress**

and vomiting. The doctor's medicine did me no good and so I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. E. Champlin

When I had taken two bottles I could eat anything without having the least bit of distress. I have only taken five bottles and my general health is much better." ED. CHAMPLIN, Groton City, New York.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

Hood's Pills should be in every household.

# TWO SOLDIERS

## A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

### By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER XII.

*"Tell me truly and frankly, Capt. Lane."*

A dreary winter was that of 188— at old Fort Graham. Capt. Breese became major of the ——th, and his troop was ordered to exchange with K, which had been so long at headquarters, and this brought old Jim Rawlins up to take command of the little cavalry battalion at "the oasis." There were many of the officers—Rawlins among them—who thought that after his success with "the Devil's Own," as D troop had been called, Lane was entitled to enjoy the position of battalion commander; but Mrs. Riggs had promptly asserted her belief that he was not in position to enjoy anything. He had come back to the post late in the fall, looking some years older and graver; he had been very ill at Jefferson barracks, said a letter from that point, while waiting to take out a party of recruits to the regiment; he had resumed duty without a word to anybody of the matters that had so suddenly called him east, but there was no need of telling: they knew all about it; at least they said and thought they did.

Mrs. Riggs had had such complete accounts from Noel, and had received such a sweet letter from Miss Vincent in reply to the one she had written congratulating her upon her engagement to her (Mrs. Riggs') "favorite among all the officers—and the colonel's too." "She was so sorry—so painfully distressed—about Capt. Lane," said Mrs. Riggs. "She never really cared for him. It was gratitude and propinquity and pleasure in his attentions that she mistook for love; but she never knew what love was until she met Gordon. They were to be married early in the spring and would take only a brief tour, for he had to be at his station. She dreaded coming to the regiment, though she would follow Gordon to the end of the world if he said so, for she knew there were people who would blame her for breaking with Capt. Lane as she had to; but she knew long before she did so that they could never be happy together. She had written to him, telling him all, long before he came east, and they had that dreadful scene in which Mr. Noel had behaved with such perfect self command and such excessive consideration for Capt. Lane's feelings. Of course, as Gordon said, all possibility of reconciliation or future friendship between them was at an end unless Capt. Lane humbly apologized. She had been mercifully spared hearing it; for the fearful expression of his face when they discovered him listening at the portiere had caused her to faint away, and she only came to, Gordon said, in time to prevent his pitching him out of the window, so utterly was he tried. She was so thankful to have in Mrs. Riggs a friend who would not see Gordon wronged, and who could be counted on to deny any stories that poor Capt. Lane, in his disappointment, might put in circulation."

But Lane never mentioned the subject. As for the letters to which she referred, they all followed him east in one bundle and were sent to her unopened; and she knew when she wrote to Mrs. Riggs that, though she might have "told him all," as she said, he never knew a word of it until his eyes and ears revealed the truth that wretched night in the library where his brief, sweet love dream began and ended.

There were other matters wherein Mr. Noel himself was consulting Mrs. Riggs. He was now senior first lieutenant. Any accident of service might make him a captain, and then, if precedent were followed, "he might be ordered to join at once. Ordinarily, as she well knew, nothing would give him greater joy; but now—solely on Mabel's account—he hesitated. A friend at the war department had said that, if Col. Riggs would approve, a six months' leave to visit Europe, for the purpose of prosecuting his professional duties, might be obtained. Would she kindly, etc."

There was no one to write or speak for Lane: only one side of the story was being told, and, though the men had had little else than contempt for Noel, they were of small account in molding garrison opinions as compared with two or three determined women.

But no one saw the sorrowful, almost heart broken, letter written by Mrs. Vincent to Lane. She had no words in which to speak of Mabel's conduct. They had both been deceived; and yet she implored him for forgiveness for her child. The world was all changed now. Their home remained to them, and her own little fortune, together with the wreck of Mr. Vincent's, but Regy had to go out into the world and seek to earn what he could. He had no idea of business. There was no one to step in and build up the old firm, and the executors had advised that everything be closed out. Mr. Clark's affairs had been left in lamentable confusion, but luckily he had nothing else to leave—nothing, that is, but confusion and creditors. People were constantly importuning her for payment of his liabilities, claiming that they were contracted by the firm. Her lawyers absolutely forbade her listening to such demands. If she paid one-fourth of them she would have nothing left. Lane thought of his sacrificed Cheyenne property and the little fortune he had so freely offered up to save to the girl he loved the home in which she had been reared. The very roof under which the girl had plighted her troth to him and then dishonored it for Noel—under which, day after day, she was now receiving, welcoming, caressing him—was practically rescued for her and her mother by the money of the man she had cast aside.

The wedding cards came in April. It was to be a quiet affair, because of the death of Mr. Vincent within the year. Lane read the announcement in The Army and Navy Journal, and sat for a while, the paper dropping to the floor and his head upon his hands. Elsewhere in its columns he found a full account, written evidently by some one thoroughly well acquainted with all the parties, except perhaps the gallant groom.

When Lane's servant tiptoed in at reveille the next morning to prepare the bath and black the boots he was surprised to find that officer sitting at his desk with his head pillowed in his arms. He had not been to bed, and did not know that reveille had sounded. Was he ill? Did he need the doctor? No. He had to sit up late over some letters and papers, and had finally fallen asleep there. All the same Dr. Gowen, happening into the hospital while Lane was visiting one of his men after sick call, stopped and keenly examined his face.

"I want you to go right to your quarters and stay there, Lane, for you've got a fever, and, I believe, mountain fever," were his immediate orders. "I'll be with you in a moment." It was only the beginning of what proved to be a trying illness of several weeks' duration. When Lane was able to sit up again it was the recommendation of the post surgeon and of his regimental commander that he be sent east on sick leave for at least three months. And the first week of June found him at West Point; he had many old and warm friends there, and their companionship and cordiality cheered him greatly. One night, strolling back from parade to the broad piazza of the hotel, he saw the stage drive up from the landing and a number of visitors scurry up the steps in haste to escape the prying eyes of the older arrivals, who invariably thronged the south piazza at such times and curiously inspected the travel stained and cinder spotted faces of those whose ill luck it was to have to run that social gantlet.

There was something familiar in the face of a young lady following a portly matron into the hall, and when a moment later he came upon the massive frame of Mr. Amos Withers, registering himself, his wife, daughters and Miss Marshall, of the Queen City, Lane knew at once that it was his friend of the dismal dinner of nearly a year ago. Later that evening he met her in the hall, and was surprised at the prompt and pleasant recognition which she gave him. It was not long before they were on the north piazza, watching that peerless view up the Hudson, and, finding that she had never been there before, and was enthusiastic in her admiration of the scenery, Lane took pleasure in pointing out to her the various objects of interest that could be seen through the brilliant sheen of moonlight. And so, having made himself at once useful and entertaining, he finally went to his bed with a sensation of having passed rather a brighter evening than he had known in a long, long time.

On the following day Miss Marshall was in the hall reading when he came out from breakfast. She was waiting, she said, for Mrs. Withers to come down. The nurse was dressing the children.

"I want to ask you something, Capt. Lane. I saw Mrs. Vincent just before I left home, and had a little talk with her. She has always been very kind to me. Did you ever receive a letter she wrote to you three or four weeks ago?"

"I never did," said Lane. "Do you think that she did write to me?"

"I know she did. She told me so, and expressed great surprise that you had accorded her no answer. She felt very sure of your friendship, and she was at a loss to understand your silence. Although I had only met you once or twice before I felt that I knew you so well that you could not refuse to answer a letter from so lovable a woman as she, and I deemed it my duty to let you know what she had told me. I am very glad now that I did so."

"Is she at home?" asked Lane, eagerly.

"She was when I left, but they were expecting to go to the mountains. Mrs. Noel seems to be drooping a little. The weather is very warm there already, as you know, and the doctor has advised that both ladies go up to Deer Park. Mrs. Noel doesn't wish to go, as it takes her so far from her husband; but, as he was able to get there quite frequently when they were there before, I see no reason why he should not be able to join them every week now."

"Was he there frequently when they were there before?" asked Lane, an old, dull pain gnawing at his heart.

"He was there three or four times to my knowledge during our stay, but of course his visits were very brief; he came generally Saturday and went away at midnight Sunday."

"I will go and telegraph to Mrs. Vincent. If need be I will go and see her; and I thank you very much, Miss Marshall."

That evening he received a dispatch from Mrs. Vincent in response to the one sent almost immediately after this conversation. "If possible, come here. I greatly desire to see you. Wire answer." What could it mean?

By the first train on the following morning he left for New York, and was far on his way to the Queen City when sunset came. Arriving there, he went first to the old hotel, and, after changing his dress and removing the stains of travel, for the first time since his memorable visit of October he mounted the broad stone steps and asked to see Mrs. Vincent. She came down almost instantly, and Lane was shocked to see how she had failed since their last meeting. Years seemed to have been added to her age; her hair was gray; the lines in her gentle, patient face had deepened. She entered, holding forth both hands, but when she looked into his eyes her lips quivered and she burst into tears. Lane half led, half supported her to a chair, and, drawing one to her side, spoke soothingly to her. For a few moments she could not speak, and when she did he checked her.

"Oh, you too have aged and suffered! and it is all our doing—all our doing!" she moaned, as her tears burst forth anew.

"Never mind my crow's feet and gray hairs, dear lady," he said. "It is high time I began to show signs of advancing age. Then, too, I am just up from a siege of mountain fever."

"Was that the reason you did not answer?" she presently asked.

"I never got your letter, Mrs. Vincent. When was it mailed?"

"About the 10th of May. I remember it well, because—it was just after Mabel and Capt. Noel got back from their tour."

"Pardon me, but did you post it yourself?"

"No. The postman always takes my letters. I leave them on the little table in the vestibule."

"Where any one can see them?"

"Yes; but who would touch my letters?"

Lane did not know, of course. He was only certain that nothing from Mrs. Vincent had reached him during the past six months.

"Capt. Lane," she said, at last, "I want you to tell me the truth. Just after Mabel's marriage I heard that a story was in circulation to the effect that it was your money that enabled Mr. Vincent to tide over the crisis in his affairs a year ago. It was even said that you had sold property at a loss to supply him with means; and some people in society are so cruel as to say that Mabel's trousseau was actually purchased with your money, because it had never been repaid. I know that Mr. Vincent often spoke of his obligation and gratitude to you. Tell me truly and frankly, Capt. Lane, did you give my husband money? Is this story true?"

"I never gave Mr. Vincent a cent."

"Oh, I am so thankful! We have been the means of bringing such sorrow to you"——

"I beg you, make no reference to that, Mrs. Vincent. Neither your honored husband nor you have I ever thought in the least responsible. And as for this other matter, you have been misinformed."

"What cruel, reckless stories people tell! It hurt me terribly; and then when no answer came to my letter I felt that probably there was something in it, and that you were hiding the truth from me. Mabel heard it, too, but she said that Capt. Noel investigated it at once and found that it was utterly false. I could not be satisfied until I had your own assurance."

"And now you have it," he said, with a smile that shone on his worn face and beamed about his deep set eyes like sunshine after April showers. "You are going to be advised now, are you not, and seek change and rest in the mountains?"

"We meant to go this week, but Mrs. Paterson, of Philadelphia, is urging us to spend the summer with her at the sea shore, where she has a roomy cottage. She is a cousin of Captain Noel's, and was an intimate friend of Mabel's at school. That was where my daughter first heard of him. Oh, I wish—I wish"——

And here once more Mrs. Vincent's tears poured forth, and it was some time before she could control herself.

At last the captain felt that he must go. It was now his purpose to leave town as soon as he could attend to one or two matters of business.

"Shall I not see you again?" she asked, as he rose to take his leave.

"I fear not," he answered. "There is nothing to require more than an hour or two of attention here, and then I shall seek a cooler spot for a few weeks' rest, then back to the regiment."

"But we—that is, I heard you had three months' sick leave."

"Very true; but I only need one, and I am best with my troop."

"Tell me," she asked, "is it true that there is trouble brewing again among the Indians—at San Carlos, isn't it?"

"There seems to be bad blood among them, and no doubt disaffection; but if sufficient troops are sent to the agency and to scout around the reservation they can be held in check."

"But I have been told that you have too small a force to watch them. I wish you were not going back; but it is like you, Capt. Lane."

And so they parted. He saw and heard and asked nothing of his whilom fiancee. He did not wish to see her husband. He meant to have left town that very evening, after brief consultation with a real estate agent whom he had had occasion to employ in his service; but even as he was stowing his traveling "kit" in a roomy leather bag there came a knock at his door and there entered a man in plain civilian dress, who motioned the bell boy to clear out, and then held forth a photograph:

"Capt. Lane, is that your man Taintor?"

"That is certainly like the man," was Lane's answer, after careful inspection. "Have you got him?"

"No, sir. We had him, and took Capt. Noel to see him, and the captain said there was some mistake. He wears his hair and beard different now; but we know where he is, at least where he was up to yesterday. He left his lodgings at noon and took a bag with him, as though he meant to be away a few days. He does copying and typewriting, and manages to get along and support a good looking young woman who passes as his wife. That's what we think brought him back here last winter."

"Why didn't you take some of the recruiting party to see him? They could identify him."

"All the old men that were with you are gone, sir. It's a new lot entirely. They said the sergeant couldn't get along with the captain at all, and they were all sent away."

"Where's the woman who kept the lodging house for the party?"

"She's gone, too, sir. They moved away last winter because Capt. Noel gave the contract to another party in a different part of the town. We let the thing slide for quite a while; but when the chief heard that you had arrived in town he thought he'd shadow the fellow until you could see him, but he had skipped. Was there any way he could have heard you were coming?"

"No. I telegraphed from West Point to Mrs. Vincent. She was the only one who knew."

"Beg pardon, sir, but isn't that Capt. Noel's mother-in-law? The captain lives there, I think."

Lane turned sharply and studied the man's face. A question was at his very tongue's end—"You do not suppose he could have given warning?"—but he stifled it, his lips compressing tight.

"If you think he has gone because of my coming I will leave on the late train, as I purposed, and you can wire to me when he returns. Then keep him shadowed until I get here."

And with this understanding they parted, Lane going at once to a cool resort on one of the great lakes. Four days later came the dispatch he looked for, and accompanied by two detectives Lane knocked at the indicated doorway one bright, sunshiny afternoon within forty-eight hours thereafter.

A comely young woman opened the door just a few inches and inquired what was wanted. "Mr. Graves was not at home." He certainly would not have been in a minute more, for a man swung out of the third story window and, going hand by hand down the convenient lightning rod, dropped into the arms of a waiting officer, and that night the forger and deserter spent behind the bars in the Central station. The identification was complete.

Lane was to appear and make formal charge against him the following morning. Going down to an early breakfast, he picked up one of the great dailies at the news stand, and, after taking his seat at table and ordering a light repast, he opened the still moist sheet. The first glance at the head lines was enough to start him to his feet. "Indian Outbreak." "The Apaches on the War Path." "Murder of Agent Curtis at San Carlos." "Massacre of a Stage Load of Passengers." "Captain Rawlins, Eleventh cavalry, a victim." "Horrible Atrocities." "Troops in Pursuit."

It was the old, old story briefly told. Warnings disregarded: official reports of the neighboring troop commanders pooh-poohed and pigeon holed by functionaries of the Indian bureau: a sudden, startling rush of one body upon the agent and his helpless family: a simultaneous dash from the other end of the reservation upon the scattered ranches in the valley: a stage coach ambushed: a valued old soldier butchered in cold blood. There was no more thought of breakfast for Lane. He hurried to the telegraph office, thence to the police station, thence to an attorney whom he was advised to employ, and by noon he was whirling westward. "No laggard he" when the war cry rang along the blazing border.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Proud, but Resourceful.

When Baroness Sprecher finds her supply of cash running short, she generally buys her daily provision of food at the pork butcher's, but in order to reconcile her aristocratic dress and bearing with the plebeian surroundings she goes to work as follows: Entering the shop with an air of extreme curiosity, she will say:

"Aw, tell me, I pray, what is that thick, strange looking object you have exposed to view in the shop window? It has the appearance of mosaic."

"That is collared brawn," is the reply.

"Coll—what did you say?"

"Collared brawn."

"And is it fit to eat?"

"Certainly!"

"Dear me! How you excite my curiosity. Would you mind cutting me a little of that peculiar substance?"

"For how much, madam?"

"Ah, it is out of sheer curiosity, you know! Say twopence worth, please."

The mistress of the establishment, in order to secure her ladyship's patronage, cuts a pretty thick slice of the "strange looking object," and the baroness, after disbursing the twopence, sweeps out of the shop carrying her dinner with her. —Meggendorfer's Blatter.

### Sidney Smith's Suggestion.

When Sidney Smith was rector of a parish in Yorkshire, he found his vestry were discussing the propriety or otherwise of paving a certain approach to the church with wooden blocks. Having decided to undertake it, the question arose as to how. "Gentlemen," said the witty rector, "I think if you will all put your heads together, as the saying is, the thing can be accomplished without much difficulty." — Boston Woman's Journal.

## STRANGELY SAVED FROM DEATH.

### A Dramatic Prevention of Assassination In a Gambling House.

A crowd of people witnessed a singular scene here the other night, in which a man's life was saved after as novel a fashion as ever any writer of fiction has evolved. Rafe Shaffer, a well known sporting man, was seated in a gambling saloon talking to a friend, who had only lately come here from the east. Shaffer was telling his companion of a quarrel that he had with another man about town, whom he suspected of being about to make an attempt on his life.

As he was speaking the eastern man suddenly interrupted him with the question, "Say, Shaffer, do you remember your old business as a telegraph operator?"

Shaffer, who, it seems, had followed this trade before going west, looked surprised, but answered that he did.

"Well, you know, it's a very easy thing forgotten. Now, I will bet you can't tell me what I am going to tick out here on this table."

The eastern man then took a pencil from his pocket and began to tick off a message which, as he finished, caused Shaffer to spring hastily from his seat, drawing, as he did so, a revolver from his pocket, which he thrust almost in the face of a man who had been standing in the door of the saloon, and who had just covered him with his pistol. The two men glared at each other, and then Shaffer said calmly:

"Better put up your weapon, Smith, unless you want to shoot it out with me here. I have got the drop on you as much as you on me."

Smith hesitated and then replied that he would put up his pistol if Shaffer would and consented to leave the question between them to the arbitration of mutual friends. Shaffer agreed to the arbitration plan, as it seems both men had their reasons for not letting the cause of the bad blood between them be known to the public. Smith then left, and Shaffer thanked his quick witted friend for the services he had rendered him. The message the eastern man had rapped out was as follows:

"If your enemy is a dark complexioned man, with a hooked nose and a scar on the left cheek, he has just entered the saloon and has his hand on his pistol pocket. If you fear treachery from him, move quickly, or he'll have the drop on you. I am unarmed, so that I cannot draw for you. Draw now, as he has his pistol out, and unless you are as quick as lightning he will have you."

Shaffer's keen ear caught the words, and he acted at once on them, as has been shown. His wheeling so suddenly about on Smith took that gentleman so by surprise that he was compelled to back down.—Hastings (Neb.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.

## COST HIM A HAND.

### A Philadelphia Man's Invention Blew Up, and He Is Maimed For Life.

For a long time Pierson M. Stackhouse, a conveyancer, has been experimenting with a fire extinguishing chemical. It is probable that he will give up his idea of revolutionizing such compounds, if not altogether, for a time at least, because disaster overtook him with one terrific swoop yesterday afternoon.

Stackhouse believed that he solved the problem he had so long studied over, and yesterday afternoon he started out from his house, 2446 North Tenth street, to make a test. He strapped the cylinder to his back and carried the section of rubber hose in his left hand. His family stood at the door, and a friend, who had aided him in his experiments, walked close beside him. The inventor intended to see how far the chemical would be thrown, and he fearlessly reached up with his right hand to turn on the stopcock at the top of the cylinder in order to set the chemical to work.

At that instant there came a terrific explosion, which scared the wits nearly out of residents of the whole neighborhood. Windows rattled ominously, and crockeryware was demolished in some of the closets of nearby houses. Women and children, with blanched faces, rushed from their homes in terror, thinking that an earthquake or worse had come.

Stackhouse was thrown violently to the sidewalk. The top of the cylinder had blown off, and his right hand hung by a few shreds from his wrist. He lay unconscious on the sidewalk as his wife ran shrieking out to him, and a crowd quickly collected to see what the explosion meant. The inventor was taken to the Episcopal hospital, where it was necessary to amputate the shattered hand at the wrist.—Philadelphia Record.

### Piety and Politics.

No one who has visited the south can escape the impression that a deep revolution in opinion is at work there. For several years it has been their habit to hold modest, unheralded meetings, mainly in the rural districts, sometimes weekly, sometimes monthly. They are usually opened with prayer, and it is not unusual after harvest time for the planters to maintain camp meetings a week together. Speaking begins between 9 and 10 in the morning, and the slow declining sun is still a spectator to these intense congregations. There is even a fine illumining vein of religious fervor in it all. The opening prayer, the political song set to church music, the two hour harangue at a stretch, the patriotic cheers, like strains from a new anthem—these are not the committee bought demonstrations of common campaigns. It is a rising of the people, and in due time the newspapers will make a discovery, for they will hear these people sing, and after that the ballot.—Donahoe's Magazine.

### Death Stretched Him.

When John Edward Kelly's illness made him take to his bed at his home in Lambertville, N. J., for the last time six weeks ago, the lad was 5 feet in height and very fleshy. When he died on Friday last, he had fallen away to a skeleton, but the undertaker found that his stature was 6 feet 2 inches.

## "SASSIETY" AND VICE.

### The Right and the Wrong Way of Keeping Scandals Out of the Newspapers.

It would be hard indeed if we could not get a laugh out of all these horrid scandals that scar society's face, and it has come at last—broad, hearty and irrepressible.

The good people of Newport—not the old Newporters, but the people who have followed in their train—are so incensed by the reports published about the misdoings of the Four Hundred that they have organized a Society For the Suppression of Newspaper Notoriety.

Dear, comical, old Elbridge T. Gerry is at the head of the new society, and it looks as if he would have time to attend to nothing else.

The purpose of the society is to prevent the publication in New York and Boston (other cities don't count) of matters that are purely personal to the Four Hundred and of no public interest.

If Mrs. Stevens' maid takes advantage of Mr. Tom Cushing's valet, that is legitimate news, and no objection will be made to its publication, but if Mrs. Stevens herself should cast sheep's eyes at Mr. Cushing, or if Mr. A. should compromise Mr. B.'s wife, or Mr. C. sue his wife for divorce, or Mrs. D. go wrong with a dude—these are matters that concern nobody but the culprits themselves and their most intimate friends.

No wonder the laugh is loud and long at these good people's expense.

Did it never occur to dear old Gerry and his younger friends on the social toboggan slide that a "Society For the Suppression of Vice In the Four Hundred" would cut at the very root of the evil of which they complain, whereas the step they are taking now can only trim off some of the topmost boughs?

There is without doubt a certain amount of reckless newspaper writing going on which every one abominates—and every one reads.

This writing keeps pace with the doings of the day. It is often inaccurate, vulgar and malicious; but, on the other hand, there is so much social evil doing that never finds its way into print at all that the score is pretty even up to date.

I could mention the names of hundreds of prominent New York and Boston families who have never had cause to complain of a single line or word printed to their derogation.

And why? Simply because they have never given the opportunity.

While not making a plea for the society reporter or the scandal loving editor I am sufficiently familiar with their methods to know that they would just as lief print good news of prominent people as bad news.

Bad news sells better than good news, of course. In times of war, tempest, famine, fire and flood the demand for newspapers doubles and trebles.

So it does in times of great social disaster.

The collapse of Duncan, Sherman & Co., the failure of Grant & Ward, the elopement of Herbert Pell and Mrs. Kate Kernochan, the divorce of Mr. and Mrs. Fernando Yznaga and the subsequent marriage of both, the Drayton scandal, the Vanderbilt imbroglio, the Gould fiasco—all these stirring incidents in social life, and thousands of others for which I haven't space, constitute the gossip of the day which is on every one's lips, and which can no more be kept out of the newspapers than a duck can be kept out of water or Ward McAllister out of print.

That is why I advise kind old Gerry and his pretty playmates to begin to trim ship before they yell that they are overpowered by water.

I cannot predict any success for the new society with the object of suppressing bad news about fashionable people.

Murder will out—so will adultery, drunkenness, cheating at cards, dishonorable indebtedness and all the other vices to which flesh is heir.

As I said before, a society that condemns publicity has only to ponder for a moment upon all it does that is not printed and be grateful on its marrow bones that such matters are still personal and have not yet become of public interest.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

## AN INTERESTING SLAB.

### It Marks the Boundary Between Mexico and the United States.

Under the direction of the boundary survey commission the old marble monument which since 1849 has marked the dividing line between the United States and Mexico at the coast has been brought to the city to be dressed up. For years that monument has been a point of interest and has been visited by thousands of citizens and strangers. Each has apparently felt that no one would believe he or she had been there if some portion of the slab were not carried away to be offered in evidence on all occasions.

The result has been that the marble has been chipped and defaced until its original form is almost lost. It is because of all this that the slab was brought to the city. To work out the effacements the surface would have to be worked down two inches. When redressed, the stone will again be placed in position, but this time it will be protected by a fence of steel pickets. The inclosure will be 12 feet square. The pickets will be 8 feet high, the tops sharply pointed and leaning inward, after the device of some rattraps, so that while it might be possible for an active person to climb in it would require a first class acrobat to climb out over those curving pickets. Besides this a new law makes it a penal offense to mutilate the monuments.

At Tia Juana a similar slab will be erected on the old brick foundation in National avenue, which has long been a landmark there. The Tia Juana monument will be of granite instead of marble, and it will be inclosed with steel pickets, like the one at the coast line.—San Diego Sun.

# THE CITIZEN.

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CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.


### AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Ship of State."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Passing Show."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Stock Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The King's Jester."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"She."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"In Old Kentucky."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Conroy and Fox.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
THE comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

### DAVITT ON HEALY.

Tim Healy is the leader today of the new set of factionists, who are tearing asunder the political vitals of the McCarthyite party. Faction fighting has been always the curse of Ireland, and the extinguisher of her national hopes. The Irish Parliamentary party is no longer welded in one whole, as it was under the iron hand of the late Charles Stewart Parnell. It is divided into the Redmondites who remained faithful to their dethroned leader; the followers of John Dillon, Justin McCarthy, and William O'Brien, and the satellites of Healy. The latter gentleman, having been relieved a year ago from his position of director of the *Freeman's Journal* immediately entered on a campaign of faction.

Mr. Davitt thus writes of this propagation of dissension: "Mr. Healy was never in my recollection a believer in, or an upholder of, democratic methods of party government. He has thanked Heaven more than once that Ireland had obtained what she had been looking for for seven centuries, an honest dictator. This was said of course several years ago in the days of Mr. Parnell's unquestioned leadership. But something of a similar kind was put forward a few months back in the *Fortnightly Review* by one or two of Mr. Healy's friends, who at the same time attacked every member of the parliamentary committee, except two, and held them up to contempt and ridicule as incompetent, unscrupulous, semi-corrupt, and criminally vain. Mr. Parnell's past leadership was loudly lauded in these articles, and the declaration was made that there was only one man left of all Mr. Parnell's once united party capable of leading Nationalist Ireland, and the name of this patriot statesman was Mr. T. M. Healy. In the same article it was held that the present Irish party could not possibly hold together, that there were personal and political incompatibilities in operation, which would make a policy of fighting by 'groups' instead of combat by one party the certain policy of the near future for the Irish National representation. These views were reproduced in Mr. Healy's organ, the *Irish Catholic*. They were reasserted without any reserve. In furtherance of such views and policy, the committee of the Irish party and the chairman and the party itself have been constantly attacked in the columns of that paper week by week. Everything that deliberate misrepresentation of the acts of the committee could do has been done both with reference to the Paris funds, the allegation that members of the party were being paid out of the party funds for the mercenary support of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, with kindred charges against the general administration of the fund itself. Is there no ulterior purpose behind all this?"

These discensions will weaken the Irish cause. Oh for a land of patriots, knit together by a band of iron, who would gallantly fight for the liberty of Ireland—not in the English house of commons but on the green hills of Erin! This eventually will only occur in the event of a war between Russia and England over the possession of India, or an armed struggle between England and France over that of Egypt. Then, and only then, the Irish people can, if they be true to themselves and to their native land, free themselves forevermore from the yoke of England's despotism.

### IRELAND'S HISTORY IN IRISH SCHOOLS.

The Board of "National" Education in Dublin has not provided Irish schools with a single history of Ireland. We believe that they give in one of their publications a page and a half of Ireland's records, beginning with the Norman invasion. The Golden Era of Irish liberty, when Ireland had a parliament on Tara's hill, where it dispensed the Brehon Laws, is ignored, as are the conquest by King Dathi of Gaul, and the triumph of King Brian Barolhme over the Danes at Clontarf.

The editor of the Dublin *Independent* has devoted his columns to a discussion on this subject. It seems impossible, even under the regime of a home rule English government, to induce it to provide a history of Ireland for Irish readers. Rosebery and his colleagues have a strong objection to the issue and circulation of a volume which would describe graphically the early period of Ireland, when it was the home of learning, the land of universities—whose professors ranked higher than the *literati* of Europe. To these universities flocked the youth of Gaul, Helvetia and Germania. Lord Rosebery could not have Irish lads and girls know anything about the indomitable bravery of the Irish race at home and abroad, or the victories Irish soldiers have won on the green hills of Ireland, and on the continents of Europe and America, in the battles of Clontarf, Benburb, Beal-an-atha-buidhe, Onlart and many other fields of triumph at home; while on the soil of Europe fortune and bravery won the Irish exiles the gratitude of several leading nations for the services of these gallant Irishmen in their defense. In Russia Count Peter Marshal de Lacy, a born Irishman, was the commander-in-chief of the empire's army. Count Nugent held the same post over the Austrian army, and an Irish admiral was at one time commodore general of the Austrian fleet.

The battle fields on the continent where Irish military chivalry won the day are not admired by Lord Rosebery. In his opinion the perusal of a volume, dealing with those glorious fights, would make the boys of Ireland rebels. The Irish Brigade, under the regime of the Louis, the Irish Legion that followed the leadership of Napoleon in his conquering march over Europe, left behind them a trail of glory by the victories they achieved on the fields of Fontenoy, Ramilies, and a thousand other plains and valleys of Europe. In the town of Cremona, Italy, clad only in their night shirts, the Irish warriors, at the hour of midnight, expelled, at the points of their bayonets, Prince Eugene and his Austrian troops from that citadel; while their French comrades were giving themselves up to the swilling of champagne and other indulgences in licentiousness. The bravery and intrepidity of the Irish soldiers in the Revolutionary war, and Civil war in the service of this country are too well known to be described here.

THE CITIZEN would advise the formation of a society in Dublin which could provide volumes of Irish history for the youth of Ireland, the perusal of which would render them proud of their native land, and of the glorious military commanders who were born on its emerald soil.

### THE MADAGASCAR PROBLEM.

The British press favors a hostile attitude towards France, for having organized a protectorate over the island of Madagascar. John Bull is jealous of Jacques Bonhomme. The Anglo-Saxon considers that he has a right divine to drag, by force if necessary, every savage state into his bloated empire, but he severely condemns other nations for annexing other such states to their respective dominions. In this crisis, France ignores the government of England's remonstrance with her conduct in Madagascar. The French cabinet are in earnest, and means to make its will dominant in that island, even if it were necessary to conquer that country.

"If France has a real desire for a war with England, which some cool headed people believe to be the case," writes the London correspondent of the New York *Sun*, "Madagascar can easily be made to furnish a pretext." It appears that English agents are encouraging the Hova, or Madagascar government to resist the French demands. English traders are fomenting among the natives hatred of the Frenchmen, while English missionaries are teaching native children and adults, in schools and churches, that England is their assured champion and protector.

In case of war between France and England, the former nation could send on board her fleet 100,000 troops to Madagascar, while the latter might not be able to spare 20,000 from her small army. The French men-of-war are provided with all modern and scientific appliances to defend the French coast against the British navy. There are, moreover, scores of torpedoes outside the bars of each of her ports. The French marines displayed greater valor and pluck than the British in the naval fights between both fleets in the last century. The famous Franco-Irishman, Admiral O'Farrell, who was known as Thuriot, scuttled many a British cruiser on the high seas. Mr. Eugene Davis wrote of the glorious success of Jean Bert, the boldest French marine in the last century, in the following ballad:

"The sails of their frigates I rent in twain.
And I heard them swear like Huns,
When our bullets tore their broad decks o'er
From the muzzles of our guns!
And, oh, "Qui Vive?" cried my comrades brave,
"La France, and her proud renown,"
When their tall masts fell, 'mid our shot and shell,
And the Union Jack went down.
We had glory behind us—the foe before—
Long live the Tricolor!

Oh, vengeance is sweet to this war-worn heart,
And these gray locks of mine
Will go to my grave in Villenaive
With a joy that is half divine;
For have I not rent the Saxon's veins,
And have I not shed his gore
For the lust he sought, and the crimes he wrought
Upon our Breton shore?
We have paid him back his bloody score—
Long live the Tricolor!

"Ah! 'twere joy far sweeter than balm is sweet
To parched, and thirsty lips,
To shatter his pride in the foaming tide,
And scuttle his corsair ships.
'Twere pleasure to me to step on his hulk,
As my sinewy arms smote
Each tattered rag of the Saxon flag
With my foot on the captain's throat.
Such triumph was bliss in the rind and the core—
Long live the Tricolor!

"Ha! ha! ha! 'twas a glorious sight,
In face of the wind and waves
To see his crew for mercy sue,
And we no mercy gave;
Mercy to whom? to the infamous knaves
Who would never spare our lives—
The wretches vile, who dared defile
The cream of our Breton wives!
Revenge is but justice for evermore—
Long live the Tricolor!

"I leave the little I've got, *mes braves*,
To purchase no puny skiffs,
But a corvette, well manned by a Breton band,
To pepper the Dover cliffs:
Oh, with every crash of its shot and shell
On the Carthaginian coast
These bones will leap in joy from their sleep,
And triumph thrill my ghost!
And I shall be glad for evermore—
Long live the Tricolor!"

Should the English troops invade France, or, what is more probable, should the battalions of France invade Ireland in order to drive the English garrison out of that country, what a glorious realization of our national hopes would it not be. Stranger events than this possible one have occurred in the history of nations. One thing at least is certain. In such an emergency as that of a war between France and England, France would be Ireland's friend!

### LI HUNG CHANG.

Poor old Li Hung Chang has been stripped of all his decorations and medals. He has fallen from his high estate into the pit of obscurity. Alas for the caprice of fortune! Fame groweth like a flower, and like a flower its glory fades before the frosts of November. Li Hung Chang, before the Chinese-Japano war was inaugurated, was the grand mogul of the Chinese Empire. The emperor had delegated to him all arbitrary powers. His scepter swayed several hundred millions of people. Today he is a mere Chinese citizen, deprived of all his dignities at one fell blow of the emperor.

At the inception of the war he assured his sovereign that the Chinese army would drive the Japanese battalions, bag and baggage, out of Corea in two weeks. When gallant little Japan, well versed in modern military tactics, pounced on the big Celestial elephant, it smote him hip and thigh, and laid him low. The Japanese, who are nobly fighting for the liberty of Corea, have all but driven from that country the Chinese oppressors, whose insolent rule made slaves of the Coreans. In all the naval battles, Japan was on the winning side. The last land battle, when the Japanese army captured a Chinese stronghold, 14,000 Chinese soldiers were made prisoners. The cry of the victorious troops of the Mikado is now: "On to Pekin!" The commander of the Japanese battalions is reported to have said: "We must capture the capital of the Chinese Empire to insure the independence of Corea."

Pekin is surrounded by a low and tottering wall, and here and there may be seen a rusty time-worn cannon. The Celestial militaires are far behind the age in the implements of warfare. Some of them carry the old-fashioned flint-lock muskets. Others are armed with bows and arrows. The Chinese army are utterly demoralized. They have no commander-in-chief, and no plan of operations. Li Hung Chang was the biggest man among them, but he was not large enough for a great crisis and he was forced to succumb to failure. The emperor dismissed him for his deception. Instead of Chang's vain boast that he would expel the Japanese from Corea in two weeks, the latter battalions have almost complete possession of that country. The emperor, who is a mere boy, is sure to fail in his efforts to win the triumph of China over Japan.

### RIGHTS OF IRISH LANDLORDS.

The amazing doctrine of Mr. Villiers Stuart, according to the *Freeman*, regarding the rights of the landlords to confiscate the tenant's improvements is subjected to destructive criticism in a letter published by Mr. Samuel Black, of Randalstown. The letter in which the doctrine was put forth contained also some interesting bits of information regarding Mr. Stuart's views of the rights of his tenants. He admits that the land was reclaimed by the tenants, and that his father acknowledged the right of his tenantry to the fruits of their own labor by giving them the protection of a lease for the term of their natural lives. Probably if he knew what the proprietorial ideas of his son would have been, Mr. Stuart's liberal foregoer would have extended the term of the protection. Now, however, his heir claims the whole profit of the tenant's labor, and the present land commission has yielded the claim. Mr. Stuart will find it hard to spin a metaphysical theory that will cover the robbery. He talks about the "elements of fertility" in the soil. But when a result is achieved who is to determine where "elements of fertility" lay before the tenant drew them forth? Do the elements of fertility of the Arran Isles belong to the original rock or to the soil with which the tenants have clothed it? Have the tenants of Mr. Stuart's mountains added nothing to the soil? And whether it is in their additions or in the sixpennyworth of mountain originally leased the "elements of fertility" lie?

### AN IRISH INSPECTOR OF CHINESE IMPERIAL CUSTOMS.

One of the greatest financial administrators of the present day is Sir Robert Hart, an Irishman, who is the official administrator of the state revenues of the empire of China. Born in Dublin, when he reached his majority, in 1854, he received the appointment of British consul in Hong Kong. After he had been five years in this position he was invited to become an official of the Chinese government, whose duties were those of the inspector of customs of the entire empire of China. This promotion took place at a time when certain ports of that country were open to European commerce. In 1861 he was nominated to the more responsible position of inspector general.

The Chinese government allows Hart for the customs service $2,000,000 yearly. This fund is under the Irishman's sole control, as are also the appointments, and dismissal of all or any officials employed by him.

His palace-home in Pekin is a most luxuriously furnished establishment. He has a retinue of eight servants. When he was asked recently by a correspondent of the London *World* what were his opinions of Japan, he replied:

"I think Japan a very charming and interesting country, and I like her people very much. She has recently made the most remarkable strides. She has emerged from her chrysalis state. Certainly the world has never seen anything to equal her rapid progress in the arts and sciences of modern civilization. China, though many years still behind the times, is undoubtedly going ahead, advancing slowly, it is true, but still advancing, and every step she takes forward is a decided one."

The celestial empire has yet to realize and use its enormous latent strength. It will one day startle the far East. It has unlimited wealth; its population alone equals half the total population of the world. Its inhabitants are either highly educated, or blind fatalists, holding life as nothing, and prepared to follow wherever they are boldly led.

It is reported in what is referred to by the London *Times*, "on excellent authority," that Mr. Gladstone has been advising Lord Rosebery to subordinate home rule for the present to problems of English social reform and try to come to terms with the Unionists in reference to Irish affairs. The *Times* usually lies on Irish subjects.

THE new Socialist labor campaign in England is subsidized by ex-Liberals and Tories. The object of this organization—of which Tom Mann, the Labor leader, is secretary, receiving as pay $42 a week—is to start labor candidates at the forthcoming elections in order to take a few hundred votes from the Liberal party in the small towns and insure the triumph of the Tories.

A FRENCH scientific journal draws attention to the scheme for damming the Irish sea by a high "barrage" between the Mall of Kantyre and Antrim, where the depth is only 300 to 500 feet, in order to get an unlimited supply of water power from the tides for utilization by electricity after the manner of Niagara.

PHILIPPE EGALITE, as is known in history, the great grandfather of the late Count of Paris, was guillotined by revolutionists during the reign of terror. His real name was the Duke of Orleans, head of that House. He was in St. Cloud in 1749. Early in life he entered the navy of France. During the war between France and England in 1778, he commanded a man-of-war and signally distinguished himself by scuttleing three English cruisers off the coast of Ushant. When the Bourbon throne was overthrown by the execution of Louis XVI, Philippe joined the revolutionary leaders, Danton and Robespierre. Having been suspected of the intention of restoring the monarchy, with himself as king, Philippe Egalite was arrested by order of the convention, and died on the scaffold in May, 1793.

GREAT preparations are being made throughout Ireland this year to commemorate the death of Charles Stewart Parnell.

A MONUMENT is to be erected to Cardinal Newman. It will be a colossal figure representing him in the garb of the Oratorian Order which he founded. It is to be of Campanella marble. The late cardinal was at one period of his life president of the Catholic University of Dublin. His sympathies during O'Connell's Repeal movement were warmly in unison with the national aspirations of the Irish people of that era.

THE CITIZEN offers its sympathies to John Augustus O'Shea on the death of his wife. The deceased lady, who had been ill for some time, was a devoted partner of her husband throughout his early adventurous and checkered career.

THE name of Col. William Lynam, the famous Irish novelist whose death was announced a couple of weeks ago, was known in every city, town, and hamlet in Ireland, and among thousands of Irishmen in this country, as that of the author of "Mick McQuaid." Mick was the hero of nearly all his stories. It made the *Shamrock*, a weekly literary journal published in Dublin, a financial success. The hero was a member of parliament, a medical doctor, an evangelizer, an auctioneer, and figured in several other characters. Mick McQuaid was the type of a swindler whose only redeeming characteristic was his ready wit, combined with a droll humor racy of the Irish soil.

THE annual parade and inspection of the Chicago postoffice employes will take place on Sunday, Oct. 7. The place of rendezvous will be on Lake Front Park, north of Park Row. A parade will be given through some of the downtown streets.

CORK county has given several eminent men to the Anglican church in Britain: Archbishop Magee of Peterborough; Dr. Dowden, Bishop of Edinburgh—the capital of Scotland—and brother of Prof. Dowden of Trinity College, Dublin, who is also a native of Cork, as is Dr. Forrest, who was appointed Dean of Worcester.

MR. T. BAILEY SAUNDERS will shortly publish "The Life of James M'Pherson." The volume will contain translations from several poems of Ossian, one of the most illustrious of Irish pagan bards.

DR. HEALY, coadjutor bishop of Clonfert, is preparing a history of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. It is to be published on the occasion of the centenary of this great ecclesiastical seminary for the education of aspirants to the priesthood, which will take place in June, 1895. Dr. Healy's literary skill offers a guarantee that the task, which he has undertaken, will be performed in so able a manner, as to render the volume interesting to the students of Irish ecclesiastical history of modern times.

LATE cable dispatches bring the information that the Japanese are moving on Pekin, the Chinese capital.

THE principal stores of Havana, Cuba, are bossed by the descendants of Irish exiles. Over the doors of these stores are such names as O'Reilly, O'Sullivan, and McCarthy. A Spanish-Irish nobleman, the Marquis of O'Reilly, since deceased, owned a chateau, and estates a few miles distant from Havanna. His widow, the Marchioness O'Reilly is one of the lady leaders of society in the capital of Cuba.

ON Wednesday last the Democrats of New York nominated the following State ticket: For governor, David B. Hill; lieutenant governor, Daniel N. Lockwood; judge court of appeals, William J. Gaynor.

SIGNOR SCHIAPARELLI, the eminent astronomer of Italy, treats with great scorn the statement that the inhabitants of the planet Mars are signalling to this world. He adds that Mars is uninhabited.

ROSEBERY says that as soon as the story of his insomnia got into the newspapers, he was deluged with cures. One of the first remedies suggested to the English premier was to sip, before retiring to rest, a tumbler of hot water. He tried it, and it cured him of sleeplessness.

"THE Voyage of Bran Mac Febhail, and Other Irish Stories," edited, translated, and annotated by Kuno Meyer, a German professor of the University of Heidelberg, will be issued soon from the Grim Library of London. This volume, it is anticipated, will be full of quaint folk-lore peculiar to the primeval period of Ireland's history. It will also contain studies of the old Irish pagans on the Celtic Paradise beyond the grave, and the conception of the Celts of reincarnation.

THE death is announced of William R. Le Fanu, brother of the late Mr. Le Fanu, the famous Irish novelist. William Le Fanu died at Enniskery, Ireland. His volume of "Recollections," published a year ago, was a complete success. It is crammed with humorous stories, told with the raciness and gusto of Lever, and the droll wit of Lover. Mr. Le Fanu was 80 years of age. He had for many years occupied the lucrative post of a commissioner of public works in Ireland. His brother was the author of "Cock and Anchor," and other popular novels dealing with Irish life.

JUSTIN HUNTLEY M'CARTHY is attached to the Daly theatrical company as a writer of new plays. His young wife will play the role of *ingenue* in these dramas.

PRESIDENT CASIMER PERIER takes special care of the old peasant woman who was his nurse. She is now over 80 years old. He recently paid her a special visit, and has settled a pension on the old lady.

### GOOD FOR "REBEL CORK."

**The Union Jack Hissed at the Cork Opera House—Management Forced to Abandon Its Use.**

Mr. Odoardi Barri's burlesque extravaganza company has been playing an engagement at the Cork Opera House with "Our Theatricals," described as a happy-go-lucky farcical burlesque, which introduces Mr. Barri's famous song, "The Old Brigade," and a series of tableaux vivants. At the opening performance, which took place a couple of weeks ago, there was a very crowded house, and the piece was favorably received. The singing of "The Old Brigade" and the display of a figure of "Britannia" among the tableaux gave rise to a regular political demonstration and counter demonstration. The leading actress of the company sang "The Old Brigade," and carried in her hand a large Union Jack, the chorus carrying smaller English flags. From the gallery, pit, and second circle the display of the flags were loudly and continuously hissed, and cries were raised to have them removed. The singer was listened to with attention, and it was made plain that it was neither against her nor against Mr. Barri's song that the hostile demonstration was directed. The loyal portion of the audience joined in a counter demonstration by loudly applauding and cheering when the Union Jacks were waved. Political feeling was shown in even a more marked manner when the figure "Britannia" was displayed in the tableaux. Hisses and hostile cries were raised, and were again met by vigorous applause from the loyalist section in the fashionable portions of the house, which were well filled. The scenes, however, in no way interfered with the performance, nor did they lessen the warm reception of the best parts of the play in all parts of the theatre. Because of the occurrences last night a notice has been issued this evening to the effect that the Union Jacks will not be used again, and that "Britannia" will not be displayed in the future. The incident is significant in so far as it shows that, despite the course of latter-day politics, England's ensign is not growing in popularity in "Rebel Cork."

### SCHILLER THEATRE.

Next Sunday evening, Sept. 30, at the Schiller theatre will be produced with a very strong company, the new American patriotic drama "Ship of State." The piece, which is of immensely romantic interest, has been created by Mr. Frank D. Skiff, the well-known artist, and Mr. E. C. Ellis, the actor-manager, both of whom have been conspicuously identified with Chicago theatricals for years past. The "Ship of State" is a domestic drama, the incidents of which occurred during the last war with Great Britain, and deals with those settlers who inhabited the shores of Lake Erie and the territories of the Northwest, which are now known as the States of Ohio and Michigan, and relates more especially to the events which came to a climax with Perry's victory on Lake Erie, where, with an inferior fleet, constructed in a few months from the primeval forest, he humbled the proud flag of England, and American supremacy on the great lakes was firmly established never more to be shaken. Miss Edith Ellis, the leading lady of the "Ship of State," has had special training for her work. When a child she played with all the leading stars of this country, at Hooley's, McVickers, and Haverly's theatres, appearing in that time with Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Booth, Fanny Davenport, John McCullough, and others. The scenery and stage mechanism employed in the production of the "Ship of State" at the Schiller are something remarkable, and will result in some exceptionally striking and impressive spectacular effects. Working ships and sinking vessels will be shown in the great naval battle, closing with the historical tableaux of Commodore Perry changing his flagship under fire. There is an immense local interest excited in Chicago amusement circles by the production of the "Ship of State" at the Schiller, since the piece is by Chicago men and backed by Chicago capital.


### "Hail to the Chief!"

This is half the title of an old song. The balance is, "Who in triumph advances." The public, the press and the medical profession chant this refrain as especially applicable to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, chief among American remedies and preventives for malaria, constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, nervousness, unquiet sleep, rheumatic twinges, and the troubles incident to advanced age. It is also universally recognized as a reliable tonic and appetizer. As a family medicine particularly suitable to emergencies it has no equal. The nervous, the feeble seek its aid, and the happiest results follow. The convalescent, the aged and the infirm derive infinite benefit from its use. Against the influences of impure air, bad water, unaccustomed food, overwork and exposure it is a genuine preventive.

For The Citizen.

## MAVE O'BYRNE AND THE PURITAN.

### A Legend of Wicklow.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

He had slain her brave young spouse,
Who was chief of a Wicklow clan,
And now he came with his loving words—
This canting Puritan;
And he bowed to the dame like a chevalier,
And his voice was low and sweet,
While he gazed on her languishing, tearful eyes,
And knelt at her queenly feet:
"O beautiful Mave O'Byrne,
Once wife of a chief of a clan,
Oh, come to my arms, and be
The bride of a Puritan!"

Her face wore the tint of crimson,
And her ample bosom rose,
While she turned her gaze to the mountains,
Capped with the winter's snows,
And her thoughts soared up to that lonely grave
That held her only love,
Where the shamrock bent o'er his noble dust,
And the elm trees waved above.
And a sob burst from her carmine lips,
As she felt on her snow-white hand
The kiss of her spouse's murderer
That scorched like a furnace brand.

She stood like a tigress, brought to bay,
And gazed on the cavalier
With a mocking smile, and ghastly eyes,
And a weird uncanny leer.
Then she plucked the dagger from his grasp—
A terrible blow she dealt
At the heart of her worshipping lover,
And stabbed him where he knelt!
"Sleep well my spouse 'mid those hills above,"
In quivering tones she said—
"This hand has avenged thy cruel death—
Thy Puritan foe is dead!"

## IRISH NEWS.

THE FATHER DAVIS MEMORIAL.

After the ceremony on Sunday, in the parish church of Rath, of inducting the Rev. Morgan Sheehy as parish priest of Baltimore, the Most Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, by whom the ceremony was performed, unveiled the mural tabet which has just been erected in the church to the memory of the late Father Davis. He spoke before an immense congregation in most feeling language of the merits of the deceased good priest, and referred to the memorial as only the first of three decided by the committee after the most careful consideration to be erected, and that the other two were in progress. The tablet is of a chaste and extremely ornate character. The materials are of the best Carrara marble richly carved and polished, and relieved by a massive background of polished black marble. The entire height is 6 feet 3 inches, and the width 3 feet 6 inches, and the design is admirably arranged to express symbolically the character and sacred calling of the great and good man whom it is intended to commemorate. The lower range of mouldings are supported by exquisitely carved corbels, and in the pillasters forming the frame work of the inscription plate are elaborately carved panels of oak and acorns, emblematic of the strength of character which has been so fruitful of good for Baltimore and the Southwest. The central motif of the upper part of the composition is a panel emblematic of the Holy Sacrifice and the sacred office of the priesthood, the sides being neatly furnished with buttresses and carved finals, the whole being appropriately terminated by a chastely wrought Celtic cross, as is fitting for the memorial of one who, though esteemed and honored by people of many nationalities, was, above all, kindly Irish of the Irish. The inscription is as follows:

IN MEMORY OF
REV. CHARLES DAVIS.
For twelve years parish priest of Baltimore and the Islands.
A founder of the Fishery School.
A man of rare gifts, energy and devotion.
He lived for the welfare of the Irish Fishermen, and Died,
Beloved and lamented by all
13 October, 1892.
R.I.P.

The tablet is the work of Mr. J. A. O'Connell, sculptor, of Cork, who is also entrusted with the execution of a magnificent Celtic cross to be erected in Baltimore.—*Irish Daily Independent, Sept. 8.*

REMEMBERED 'NINETY-EIGHT.

An old man named John Barry, residing at Ballylougaue, ten miles from Midleton, died on Sunday week at the remarkable age of 112 years. He well remembered many of the stirring episodes of 1798, and often related to his friends horrible deeds of that period. He retained a good appetite, and his mental faculties up to the last.

DEVILS AT WORK AGAIN.

Messrs. J. J. O'Kelly and Patrick O'Brien visited the evicted farm of Michael Rogers, at Sheepwalk, Frenchpark, to see for themselves the destruction wrought on the poor man's crops by the herd of bullocks so wantonly let loose upon them by that model landlord, Lord de Freyne, the recital of whose fiendish conduct in this connection shocked and disgusted even the unsympathetic house of commons a few weeks ago. Messrs. O'Kelly and O'Brien found about thirty bullocks, guarded by two armed emergencymen, crowded on a couple of acres of meadow, with scarcely room to move round each other, the little crop of oats, potatoes, and turnips, which charity provided for Rogers, having been eaten bare. After the departure of Messrs. O'Kelly and O'Brien on Monday evening, the emergency ruffians, who so worthily represent the pious Christian, De Freyne, in the execution of the devil's work, pulled down the fences of Rogers' little garden and turned the bullocks on to the potatoes and cabbage, which were quickly demolished, and not content with this, these scoundrels gathered the timbers of Rogers' dismantled house and, piling it around a stack of straw, set fire to the pile, which was quickly reduced to ashes. It is to be hoped that some member will ask Mr. Morley what he thinks of this conduct of his protege, De Freyne, to whom he gave the imperial forces to destroy the people's homes, and if the chief secretary will still allow this war of devastation on the poor to proceed.

BOYCOTTED THE BUTTER.

A remarkable incident occured at the Tipperary Butter Market a few days ago. When the market had been opened it was discovered that among the large quantities of butter offered for sale were a lot of ten firkins, the produce of the evicted farm on the Cloncurry estate, near Murroe, from whence Father Humphreys, of Tipperary, and the late Mathew Duhy, had been evicted in 1889, and which were grabbed some time ago. When it was discovered that the butter was the property of land-grabbers, the butter merchants, without exception, refused to recognize it, with the result that the sellers and itself were made the objects of much jeering, and other unfriendly demonstrations. The police kept a vigilant eye on the grabbers, but they were unable to assist them any further, and eventually the butter had to be re-carted back again to Murroe. The incident created much excitement in the town and market, and it recalled to many the stirring times of the Smith-Barry fight, when many unpopular parties were left severely alone in the Butter Market of Tipperary.

DEATH OF AN OLD NATIONALIST.

The death is announced of Mr. Patrick Cremens, an old Kerry Nationalist, at his residence, Boherbee. Mr. Cremens was a member of an old Kerry family which was closely identified with the Fenian movement. In his home at Gurtmullen, near Kenmare, he and his brothers often gave refuge to an outlawed Fenian. He was besides a member of the papal army, and his borther John, residing in Killarney at present, wears the Papal medal. The deceased was a staunch Nationalist to the last, and was father-in-law of Edward Harrington, of the *Kerry Sentinel*.

MISS TERESA C. BOYLAN.

The *Irish Daily Independent* of the 14th inst. contained the following: Previous to the departure of Miss Teresa C. Boylan for America she was presented with a gold watch and chain by the staffs of the *Daily Independent*, *Evening Herald*, and *Weekly Independent*, as a slight token of their esteem and regard. Since the start of the *Weekly Independent* Miss Boylan has been a constant contributor to that journal, and, by her stirring songs and poems, has done much to awaken the spirit that sustained such a blow in the dark October of 1891. Miss Boylan carries with her to America the good wishes of every lover of independence in Ireland; and although her sphere of life in the future will be far removed from the land she has sung of so well, she is determined never to forget it, and looks forward to coming back again, as, indeed, most Irish exiles do. Miss Boylan does not intend to forget the *Independent*, and hopes to contriboccasionally to the poetical column in which her name has become so familiar.

WHAT FREE TRADE DOES FOR IRELAND.

The Labor correspondent of the *Irish Daily Independent* writes as follows: "Many curious cargoes are brought over the oceans by the British merchant ships for the use and benefit of the British and Irish people, and our various trades—perhaps every trade—suffer more or less accordingly. Ice, corks, bottles, matches, printed work, window and door frames, bricks, and a host of other manufactured articles, principally made in Germany, are landed in the port of Dublin and used by some of our traders. But there are few more extraordinary cargoes than may almost weekly be seen landed at the transit shed below the custom house and in the St. George's dock, from the holds of Messrs. Palgrave, Murphy & Company's Continental line of steamers. A large portion of these cargoes consist of farm and agricultural produce, which is brought here and sold at prices that cut out our own agriculturists. We see buttering, lard, and such stuffs, and also hay and compressed peat or turf mould, which is used here as bedding for horses. It would be an absurb thing to bring a cargo of coals to Newcastle; it is equally absurd to bring turf and hay to Ireland from the continent of Europe. Of course we cannot speak of the first cost of the materials in Germany; but it is a fact that cannot be contradicted that they are shipped on the continent and carried in the holds of Palgrave's steamers, about 500 or 600 miles across the seas, and sold in Ireland at prices below the amounts fetched by the produce of our own country. This can only be rendered possible by extremely cheap labor in Germany, and very cheap freight from Hamburg and Rotterdam to Dublin. There must be a market for peat in Dublin. The material makes first-class litter, and is much used, particularly we are told, in Messrs. Guiness' and the Dublin Tramway Company's stables. There are millions of tons of the stuff to be had in Ireland, quite close to the water highways formed by the canal, and it is a thousand pities that the flourishing industry in peat litter has not been started in the country. It would give employment to hundreds of men and women. It would utilize what is now waste material, and it would remove from the capital of Ireland the stigma cast upon it by the purchasing from Germany of a material that may be had in unlimited quantities in our own land.

The Irish-American Lyceum.

A meeting of the committee of twenty-one, appointed by the recent convention of the Irish Literary societies for the establishment of a Lyceum, will be held at McCoy's Hotel, on Monday evening, Oct. 8, at 8 o'clock, to make final arrangements for the first regular meeting of the Lyceum. Literary clubs not yet having appointed representatives will please do so at once and have them communicate with Patrick F. Holden or John J. Sherlock, Secretaries pro tem, Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets.

For The Citizen.

## A SOAP BUBBLE.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

Slow it ascends, a globe of irised dew,
A spheric prism; now in the autumn air
Suspended by a shimmering sunbeam there
Its fragile net is half of silver hue
Where no stray rosy arrow strikes it through;
Soon will the fitful breeze its rest impair
To waft it up Apollo's sunny stair
And I shall lose it in the upper blue,
But if the breeze be blithe and overbold
Its breath will pierce and break those glistening walls,—
Behold, such is its destiny! It falls
Slowly and bursts; so many a theme of gold
Did shine for me awhile and then expire
Because of words too weak to bear it higher.

ANOTHER WHIG DEVICE.

Speaking of the admissions and confessions of defeat and disaster with which the Whigs are at present regaling their followers in Ireland, *United Ireland* says:

"As a confession of failure all these declarations are valuable. But there is no evidence of repentance in them. There is, on the contrary, in one and all a skillful endeavor to turn the attention of Ireland to yet another Whig device, and to waste the energies of Irish political forces in an agitation against the house of lords. 'Down with the lords,' by all means, but that is not the duty of the hour for Irish Nationalists. 'Down with political renegades first,' say we. Out of their own mouths have they been condemned. Nothing but failure, humiliation, and disgrace has followed upon the base policy which, in an evil moment and by sinister influences, they were enabled to force upon the majority of the Irish people. There is no hope for the future of the Irish National cause until not only the policy is reversed, but until its apostles have been one and all discarded and cast aside. What can Ireland ever expect from such men? Even if their English allies had not betrayed and discredited them, the end in any case for them could not be far off, for they would have devoured one another in their contentions and jealousies. Those of them who are still credited with any political honesty have proved themselves such fools that their presence in politics is a greater peril to the National cause than that of their knavish and self-seeking colleagues. They tell us that the country is ripe for action. Then most unhesitatingly do we say that that action should be the expulsion from political life of the men who lowered the standard of Irish patriotism, who grovelled in the mire of Whig expectancy, so long as it was possible for them to do so, and whose attitude, even today in proclaiming their error has neither frankness nor dignity nor manliness in it.

THE STUDY OF IRISH HISTORY.

An animated discussion has been going on in the Irish papers over the refusal of the Board of National Education to sanction the study of Irish history in the National Schools. Mr. Michael Cusack writes as follows on the subject:

DUBLIN, Aug. 29.—*Editor Irish Daily Independent:* My attention has been directed to a new grievance under which poor old Ireland, with all her bitter fate, and the glorious joys and sorrows we associate with '98, is now suffering. As far as my old eyes—now somewhat dimmed with age and pleasureable watching of the affairs that most deeply concern those who are interested in the intenser inner life of Ireland—can see, the representatives of the British government in my native country will not sanction the teaching of Irish history within the green shores of Erin. In the name of all that is good, religious and blessed, who wants Morley's permission, or the permission of any representative of the British government in Ireland, to teach Irish history in any Irish school? Favor me with space to tell a brief story of what a poet would call an "Arcadia." The parish is Carron, the barony is Burren, and the county is Clare. There is no black spot in that banner county. In that far away parish Father James Gleeson, a native of Mullinahone, turned up in a robust Irish style in 1853. We were recovering from the appalling ravages of Corn Law famine fame. Father Gleeson built a school of the most substantial description, while we were hearing mass in a poor, thatch-covered, but picturesquely situated chapel. This Carron school was opened in December, 1858. A big crowd of us swarmed round. We learned Butler's "Long Catechism" (English was then creeping into Carron), and we were confirmed by the late Dr. Fallon on July 12, 1860.

Father Gleeson added to the catechism of those who had been confirmed the "Catechism of Irish History," by O'Neill Daunt. He did not ask permission from the British government or from the Commissioners of National Education. He was manager of the school, and he taught more than the paid teacher taught.

In "Carron and Noughaville" we never cared what any government sanctioned. We learned our lessons in due course, to please the authorities if you like. But we learned Irish history during our leisure hours, as a National duty, just as we learned our prayers, and we never dreamt of asking the permission of any governing body. Irish history should be taught at home. Once the right feeling is aroused in the earlier feelings of child-life, no conceivable combination of forces can drive an Irish boy or girl off the track of duty. A knowlydge of Irish history shall not be a State paid-for accomplishment.

Irish history! Think of it when you open the latest and most popular work on the subject. For seven centuries our chapters of Irish history open and close with English epochs. The three ninety-eights of Irish history—1398, 1598, 1798—all three splendidly appear in their obscurity as coming in turn under the reign of Richard, Elizabeth and George. In the days of my youth I heard from Father Gleeson that Leinster, at Kells, in South Kilkenny, smashed in 1683 an English dynasty; I heard from him that the Ulster princes smashed and pulverized the mercenaries of the last of the Tudors in 1598: and I heard from everybody of the ninety-eight of two centuries later that belongs to Wexford. tIrish history is a sacred subject. The teacher who wants result fees for teaching it must teach it from the English point of view. A miserable personal gain, coming in such a way, is surely a deplorable national loss.

I am but "a poor schoolmaster whose hair is gray," like Kickham's friend in "Sally Kavanagh." Yet I venture to say that in my time I slightly improved on Father Gleeson's method of teaching Irish history, inasmuch as I directed the attention of thinking youths to Ferguson's life and work of Thomas Davis, crushed into his best poetic effort. "Think of wrathful, soaring Thomas Davis," said somebody in my presence many years ago; and "Think of his dangerous cry of wrath and lamentation over his plundered eyrie," was my response. We were both thinking of Ireland.

If you want Irish history be prepared to teach backwards as well as forwards. Begin where the child of my age is most likely to become interested. I feel that I have disturbed my country so much that I may give free expression of my opinion without any regard whatever to the feelings of those who neither think nor feel. The Irish language, Irish hurling and Irish history will be learned and remembered with or without the sanction of any government "ages after you and I, like a streak of morning cloud, shall have vanished into the infinite azure of the past." Don't ask permission to teach Irish history anywhere. Did the Gaels ask permission to hurl? MICHAEL CUSACK.

## GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

### Geasa agus Buadha Riogh Eirinn.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

De quibus Cuan Ua Leochan, in sai, ceolnit.

A fhir ain iadhas in teach,
is me in t-O Leochan laidheach;
nom leic seachad is teach teand
a full airdrigh na h-Eireand.

As seum fo gebthar do
eolus—na ba h-imargo—
a sheacht n-adha imad m-brigh,
la seacht n-urgharta airdrigh.

Legthar seacht m-buadha—cia bead?
do righ Teamrach; dia toirseat
bidh toirtheach do in talamh tric,
bidh cath-buadhach, caingen-glic.

H-i Calainn August do'n righ
do roichdis do as cach thir:
measradh Manann, monar n-gle;
acus fraechmeas Brigh Leithi;

Milradh Naisi: iasc Boindi:
birar Brosnaidhi baidhi;
uisce thobair Tlachtga de;
acus fiadh luath Luibnidhe.

Legthar seacht n-gesi—ni gad,
do righ Teamrach; dia toirsead
do fhairel fillead catha
acus adgall airdratha:

[LE SEIRITH LEANTA.]

(Translation.)

### The Restrictions and Prerogatives of the Kings of Eire.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Concerning which things Cuan O'Lochan the sage thus sang:

O noble man who closest the house,(1)
I am the O'Lochan of the poems,
Let me pass by thee into the powerful house,
In which is the monarch of Eire.

With me will be found for him
The knowledge—it will be no fiction(2)—
Of his seven prerogatives of many virtues,
With the seven prohibitions of a monarch.

Let the seven prerogatives be read—what harm?
For the king of Teamhair; if he observe them
The ready earth shall be fruitful for him,(3)
He shall be victorious in battle, wise of counsel.

On the calends of August, to the king
Were brought from each respective district,
The fruits of Manann(4), a fine present;
And the heath-fruit of Brigh Leithe(5);

The venison of Nas(6); the fish of the Boinn(7);
The cresses of the kindly Brosnach(8);
The water of the well of Tlachtgha too(9);
And the swift deer of Luibneach(10).

Let his seven restrictions be read—no reproach,
To the king of Teamhair; if he observe them
It will guard against treachery in battle,
And the pollution of his high attributes.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

1. *Who closest the house*—He addresses the doorkeeper of Maelseachlainn (Malachy) II, at his palace of Dun-na-Sgiath (fort of the shields), near the northwest margin of Loch Aininn (Lough Ennel, near Mullingar, Westmeath).

2. *It will be no fiction*, na ba h-imargo, which has not been fabricated by me, but which has been handed down to me as tested by the experience of ages.

3. *The ready earth shall be fruitful*—It was the belief among the ancient Irish, that when their kings acted in conformity with the institutions of their ancestors, the seasons were favorable and that the earth yielded her fruit in abundance; but when they violated these laws, that famine, plague, and inclemency of weather were the result.

4. *Manann*—This is the present Irish name of the Isle of Mann, which seems to have anciently belonged to the monarch of Ireland; but there are many places in Ireland so called, so that it is not absolutely certain that it is the Isle of Mann that is here referred to.

5. *Brigh Leithe*—This was the ancient name of Sliabh Calraighe (Slieve Golry), situated to the west of the village of Ardachadh (Ardagh, in Longford), as we learn from the Life of Bishop Mael (Mel) 6 Feb. where it is stated that Brí Leith is situated between Mael's church of Ardachadh and the nunnery of Druimcheo, the former lying on the east, the latter on the west of it. Possibly the fruit of the heath, fraechmheas, here referred to, is what we now call fraochain or fraochoga, not the berries of the heath, but bill-berries or whortleberries. Some of the old Irish suppose that this and not the heath, is the shrub from which the Danes brewed a kind of beer.

6. *Nass*, in Kildare, where the kings of Leinster had a residence until the tenth century, the site of which is still pointed out.

7. *Boyne*—This well-known river has its source in Trinity well, at the foot of a hill anciently called Sidh Neachtain, barony of Carbury, Kildare. It was the chief river of the Irish monarch's territory of Meath, and was always celebrated for its salmon.

8. *Brosna*—A well known river which rises at Bunbrosna, Westmeath, and passes through Loch Uair (Owel), Loch Aininn (Ennell), to the Shannon, a short distance to the north of the town of Banagher.

9. *Tlachtgha*—This was the ancient name of the hill now called the Hill of Ward, which is situated near the town of Athboy, Meath. According to a vellum MS preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, the hill of Tlachtgha is situated in that part of ancient Meath which originally belonged to Munster, and in the territory of Ui Laeghaire, which since the establishment of surnames was the patrimonial inheritance of the O'Cainneallbhains (Quinlans), the descendants of Laeghaire, the last pagan monarch of Ireland. There is a remarkable earthen fort on the hill, said to have been originally erected by the monarch Tuathal Teachtmhar, towards the middle of the second century, where the Druids lighted their sacred fire on eve of Samhain (All-Hallows). The well referred to in the text is at the foot of the hill, but not now remarkable for any sacred characteristics.

10. *Luibneach*—This name is now obsolete. It was applied to a place on the borders of Meath and Munster.

IN MEMORIAM.

### The Late Daniel Scully.

At a meeting of Energy Lodge No. 292, A.O.U.W., on Sept. 25, the following resolutions, on the death of Justice Scully, were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst Brother Daniel Scully, a charter member of Energy Lodge No. 292, A.O.U.W., in good standing, who departed this life Sept. 14, 1894; and

WHEREAS, In him we recognized one of nature's noblemen—a good husband, a kind and indulgent father, and an honest and upright citizen; be it therefore resolved

*Resolved*, That Energy Lodge, No. 292, tender to the bereaved members of the deceased brother's family this our expression of sympathy in their sad affliction.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minute record of our lodge, one be presented to the widow of our deceased brother, a copy published in both THE CITIZEN and the *New World*, and that the charter of our lodge be draped in mourning for thirty days.

JOHN MCKEOWN,
W. J. O'CONNOR,
I. J. FRANKLIN,
JOHN ATKIN,
E. J. RAFTER,
Committee on Resolutions.

### Michael J. Corcoran.

At the September meeting of the Cook County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the following resolutions were ordered drafted and sent to the family of our deceased brother, Martin J. Corcoran, of Division 11:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from this Vale of Tears our well beloved brother, Michael J. Corcoran, and

WHEREAS, Brother Corcoran during his long membership in the Ancient Order of Hibernians, ever proved himself a most faithful brother, a kind and loving friend, and a true, patriotic Hibernian; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Cook County Board of the A.O.H. tender to the bereaved wife of our departed brother our sincere sympathy in their hour of affliction, and recommend her for solace to our Heavenly Father. Furthermore be it

*Resolved*, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased brother, published in THE CITIZEN and the *New World*, and spread upon the records of the County Board.

JOHN T. KEATING,
JOHN E. LONG,
J. F. WALSH,
Committee on Resolutions.

### St. Anne's Day Nursery.

St. Anne's Day Nursery and Free Kindergarten has been removed from Gurley street to 389 West Taylor street. Friday evening of this week (Sept. 28) the Catholic Women's National League will give a reception and musicale, to formally open the new house.

TWO LUCKY MEN.

### They Invest in a Lottery Ticket and Each Gets a Small Fortune Which Is Well Invested.

Less than a month ago S. Lahishensky was a poor, struggling young tailor, at No. 214 Jackson Boulevard. Today he is one of the happiest men in Chicago, for dame fortune smiled upon him in a most substantial way and he is the proud possessor of quite a comfortable bank account. It happened in this way:

Mr. Lahishensky is a Hebrew. He was born twenty-two years ago in the land of the Czar, where the Jews are much persecuted. Five years ago, alone and almost penniless, he left his native land and sought a home in America, finally locating in Chicago in 1891. He had learned tailoring in Russia, and at No. 214 Jackson boulevard he started a little repairing shop about five months ago.

On Friday, Aug. 10, W. Rothenberg, a customer of Mr. Lahishensky, came into the shop and chanced to show two one-twentieth tickets in the Honduras National Lottery (Louisiana State Lottery) which he had purchased for fifty cents. Mr. Lahishensky offered to take one of them, more as a jest then ought else, and was given one of the slips, for which he gave Mr. Rothenberg twenty-five cents. The drawing took place on Aug. 14, and Mr. Lahishensky was surprised that the number on his ticket, No. 18,172, had drawn the second capital prize of $20,000. He presented his ticket and last week received a check for $1,000, being the one-twentieth to which he was entitled.

Mr. Lahishensky, is an industrious, energetic and deserving young man in whose hands the money will be well spent. When asked by a reporter for the *Dispatch* what he intended to do with the money he replied: "I am going to send part of it to my father and mother, who are still in Russia. The remainder I shall use to enlarge and expand my business, and to build myself up in Chicago. I appreciate the good fortune and I have purchased another ticket in the September drawing of the Honduras National Lottery. That company is honest and prompt and paid my prize without a quibble."

W. Rothenberg, who held the other one-twentieth of the same number, lived at No. 25 Newbury avenue, but when a reporter of the *Dispatch* called there it was found he had moved; none of his neighbors could give his present address. But Mr. Lahishensky said he knew Mr. Rothenberg had gotten his money also. Mr. Rothenberg was a workingman in very moderate circumstances, and the money paid him by the Honduras National Lottery Company will prove a blessing to him and his family, and will be well spent, no doubt. —*Chicago (Ills.) Dispatch, Sept. 14.*

INFORMATION WANTED.

John Mahoney desires information about his nephew, Thomas Fleming, who was last heard from ten years ago, when he lived in Iowa. Both are natives of Kilcruig, county Limerick, Ireland. Address Joseph A. Connell, attorney-at-law, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Building, Chicago.


THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Raolroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 6 o'clock p.m., in St. Patrick's Academy, Desplaines street, north of St. Patrick's church, second floor. Books can be obtained at the school from a member of the class.

Three Home Seekers' Excursions

To all parts of the West and Northwest via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at practically half-rates. Round trip tickets, good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale, will be sold on Sept. 11 and 25, and Oct. 9, 1894. For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address G. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Cheap Excursions.

On Sept. 11 and 25 and Oct. 9, 1894, the Northwestern Line will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion tickets to points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manitoba, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana at exceedingly low rates for the round trip. These tickets will be good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale and will allow stop-over privileges on going trip in territory to which tickets are sold. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Ry.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

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STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.

Dealers in Diamonds,

AMERICAN WATCHES

AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.

Established 1860. Open Evening.

AGENTS Wanted. Liberal Salary Paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

### WHERE THE CATTLE COME TO DRINK.

At evening, where the cattle come to drink,
Cool are the long marsh grasses, dewy cool
The alder thickets and the shallow pool,
And the brown clay about the trodden brink.
The pensive afterthoughts of sundown sink
Over the patient acres given to peace.
The homely cries and farmstead noises cease,
And the worn day relaxes, link by link.

A lesson that the open heart may read
Breathes in this meek dignity of air,
These dear, familiar savors of the soil—
A lesson of the calm of humble creed,
The simple dignity of common toil
And the plain wisdom of unspoken prayer.
—Charles G. D. Roberts.

## POKER JOE'S BLUFF.

The howling wind that had sung its dismal song through the limbs of the "quakin asp'" trees on the mountains during the entire day spent its force and died with the gathering of the dark clouds that ushered in the dreary night. With the hushing of the wind a heavy fall of snow came on, threatening to blockade the roads and shut in the little mining camp from the outside world. The awful stillness of the night was depressing, but afforded relief from the terrors of the day.

The well dressed gamblers and roughly clad miners gathered in the barroom of the Lake City hotel, spoke in low tones over their cards and liquor, choosing their language in deference to the presence of the ladies of the house, who had fled in fear of the storm to seek that association with men which, to the female mind in distress, is equivalent to protection. The ticking of the dirty faced clock over the back bar, the rattle of chips in the nervous fingers of the players and the frequent clatter of the barkeeper's shoe heels on the uncovered floor as he served his patrons at the gambling tables were the only sounds that disturbed the quiet of the place.

Major Downey, editor of the Lake City Register, and Clare Smith, high sheriff of the county, entertained the ladies with a discussion of the mysterious murder of Mrs. Mary Josephus, committed in Denver on Sunday night, discovered by the police on Tuesday night and detailed in the daily papers of Wednesday morning, which were being read on Thursday night in several of the mining camps of the San Juan district. The interest in the crime, so far as the mining camps were concerned, was centered in the opinion expressed by the Denver papers that the murderer was the husband of the victim—a migratory gambler, whose residence might be in any of the dozen camps or towns of that district. The police, with expressions of contempt for the opinions of the reporters, maintained a contrary view and indulged in theories without submitting any possible clew to a solution of the mystery.

Sheriff Smith opened the discussion with the sweeping assertion that the Denver reporters possessed a keener perception of the motives and a clearer comprehension of the methods of criminals than the combined Denver police and detective departments, with all their boasted reputation, were capable of. It was a matter of surprise to the ladies that the major, being a newspaper man, should take issue with the sheriff on this proposition, but the major was no more a partisan of the city press than was the sheriff a believer in the infallibility of the police.

Sheriff Smith expressed the opinion that organized police departments depend too largely on an assumed knowledge of the habits of criminals, while reporters grasp the original possibilities of crime. He was convinced from his own limited experience, through extended observation in the detection of criminals, that murderers, unlike suicides, are originators, not imitators, and this conviction, applied to the case under discussion, led him to the conclusion that the press opinions of the motive and method of the murderer contained the elements of probability, while the theories advanced by the police were beyond the bounds of reason.

"Then you agree with the reporters," said the major, with a rising inflection of doubt, "that the incidents of the crime are strongly suggestive of the probability that it was committed by the woman's husband, who deserted her several years ago?"

"I certainly do," replied the sheriff, "and am convinced that the motive contemplated both revenge and robbery, while the method employed was the result of long and patient deliberation, which involved a knowledge of the woman's habits and possessions that could not have been acquired by any other than her husband, who, since deserting his wife and two children—one of whom was absent at the time of the murder—has no doubt been living within the state. That he is a resident of this section of the state is by no means improbable. For instance, how many men are there in this room whose real name and past history are known to you?"

The major admitted that there was only one of whom he could speak with any degree of assurance, and that one he was proud to say was himself. He further admitted the possibility if not the probability that the murderer of Mrs. Mary Josephus might then be enjoying the shelter of the Lake City hotel or sweltering under the broiling sun of an Arizona desert, according to his preference for climate.

One of the ladies ventured to ask the sheriff if he really entertained the suspicion that the murderor was at that moment present in the room. She was somewhat relieved of a vague horror that crept over her when Sheriff Smith replied that he had not yet "spotted" any one of whom he could entertain such a suspicion.

The major, having failed of even the opportunity to impress the ladies with his proposed defense of the police theories and inwardly agreeing with the sheriff, retired to the faro table and placed a two bit piece on the high card, repeating the play until it had produced enough of its kind to enable him to purchase a stack of white chips at the regulation price of $2. Then the major sat down to the game, which he never indulged in with any other motive than whiling away the dreary winter nights. Sheriff Smith, having recently become possessed of an exceedingly large official fee felt justified in indulging in the more expensive game of draw poker. One of the younger ladies, having tired of the revolting details of the murder story, relinquished her paper to another, and being less timid than her companions ventured near the faro table. She became so deeply interested in studying the game that her sentiment against gambling was considerably softened by the time that period of the play designated as "calling the turn" was reached.

In her enthusiasm she leaned over one end of the "layout" and placed a dollar on the king, drawing it toward the queen. She thus indicated, as she saw other players do, the order in which she was willing to wager her money—the bottom cards in the dealbox would come out. The other ladies, being shocked by the boldness of the novice, shrugged their timid shoulders and hitching their chairs nearer to the big box stove fastened their eyes more intently on their newspapers. Several of the players, who had entertained an opposite opinion of the position of the cards, suddenly shifted their bets to follow the venturesome young woman, whom they accepted as their mascot. The turn was made during an almost breathless silence. The barkeeper paused in the center of the room with a tray full of refreshments. The rattle of chips ceased. The clock for once seemed to hold the monopoly of disturbance.

The king-queen won!

A shout of approbation of the girl's judgment broke upon the stillness of the room, affording Mr. Brick Geary, the genial red haired dealer, an opportunity to remark to the man in the lookout chair—without being overheard by others—that women faro players were always a "hoodoo" to his game.

This burst of enthusiasm on the part of the faro players failed to produce a ripple of concern upon the sober countenances of the men who occupied chairs at the short card table. Their sphynx-like attitude and strict attention to the business in hand furnished incontrovertible proof of the assertion that nothing short of the presence of death or the necessity for the indulgence in deadly combat could disturb a frontier poker game.

The young woman, who by her bold play had created a sensation among the faro players and shocked her female companions, regretted her performance, and feeling a hot flush creeping across her temples hastily arose and moved to the door. Through the glass of the upper half of the door she could see the soft snow falling gently to the earth. She pressed her burning forehead against the cool glass, and seeking to shut out of hearing any further murmurs of approval from the men or chance words of disapproval from her friends, placed the palms of her hands to her ears. In doing this she cast a shadow on the glass, thus aiding her exterior view. The men at the faro bank had resumed their play. The rattle of the chips and the ticking of the clock echoed through the room; the barkeeper clattered about; the routine of the place was resumed.

The unhappy young woman stood like a statue of penance, the curved lines of her handsome figure marked in strong, dark outline against the door. She was of artistic mold—tall, lithe and graceful, erect and silent—a model for a sculptor. Instantly a score of eyes were turned upon her as if by some common instinct. Each person so attracted had felt the inspiration of her presence and discovered the artistic beauty of her pose.

Almost simultaneously the company was startled by a scream, half of pity, half of terror. The woman shrank back and without turning her face from the door or uttering another sound, pointed with the straightened forefinger of her left hand toward the glass, while her right hand covered her eyes, as if she would shut out some unwelcome sight. She stood there speechless while the men opened the door and lifted the half frozen and unconscious form of a girl, some 17 years of age, into the room. The quiet barroom was instantly the scene of most pathetic excitement. Rough hands, guided by tender hearts, placed the wayfarer on an improvised bed of coats and shawls that was arranged hastily on a pool table, while the ladies, with a keen sense of the requirements, bent their energies to restoring the girl to consciousness and physical comfort. They were soon rewarded by a sensible expression of appreciation of their kind offices.

Interest in the stranger, who was still too weak to account for her presence there and had fallen into a deep sleep, had taken such firm hold on the men that the faro bank was deserted and the poker game was twice interrupted. This interruption was due to the apparently careless playing of Sheriff Smith, whose official eye had been distracted from the game by the appearance of a peculiar pallor on the face of Poker Joe since the features of the strange girl had been exposed to the view of the persons present. The sheriff was evidently permitting his mind an indulgence in something quite foreign to the game of poker. The fact that while Poker Joe's face had assumed such an unnatural hue his hand was as steady as a clock gave the sheriff still more uneasiness. Mr. Brick Geary, finding his occupation at dealing faro gone, had turned over his dealbox, transferred the bank roll to his pocket, and after satisfying himself by scrutiny of the sleeping girl's face that she was not on his list of acquaintances walked over to the poker table, and, in accordance with the ethics of that game, asked the privilege of "sitting in." Poker Joe, with an effort at such vulgar sarcasm as is indulged in by men of his class, suggested that, as there was already five "parties" in the game, Mr. Geary might perhaps be contented with playing Sheriff Smith's hand until that gentleman should have time to recover from a fit of nervousness that had overtaken him.

"Clare seems more interested in that maverick girl than in this game of draw," he added, with a sneer, as the sheriff, acting upon the gambler's suggestion, arose to relinquish his seat to the faro dealer.

This last remark gave the sheriff a desired opportunity to test his suspicions.

"You have my permission," he said coolly, "to keep your mouth shut now until I call on you to say something."

Poker Joe pushed back his chair angrily, turned his cards face down with his left hand and dropped his right to the waistband of his trousers, from which protruded the handle of a six shooter, and spat his cigar to the floor. With that bullying air for which he was noted he said:

"I don't know whether that call's to be official or unofficial, but I'll bet you three to one you don't win it—either way. You hear me!"

The sheriff stood facing him, and without expressing upon his face a shadow of his thoughts replied calmly: "I'm inclined to the opinion, Joe, that it'll be an official call when I make it, but there's no rush. Keep your seat for the present, and don't get nervous, and don't try to run any bluffs."

The gambler arose, white with rage, and shaking the long, slender index finger of his left hand under the nose of the sheriff, while his right rested firmly on the handle of his six shooter, said angrily:

"I demand that whatever accusation you choose to make against me shall be made directly. I'll have none of your insinuations!"

It would have been very embarrassing for the sheriff to be obliged to explain his suspicions at that minute. He had by some power of intuition connected Poker Joe with the strange girl, and immediately upon forming this suspicion his impressionable mind reverted to the Denver tragedy. It would have taxed the skill of an intellectual acrobat to reason, upon the mere suspicion of Poker Joe's relation to the girl, that he was in any manner connected with the murder. But Sheriff Smith was not reasoning; he was merely acting upon the impression that there was something unusual affecting the gambler. And this suspicion of an unusual affection of Poker Joe's mind impressed the sheriff with the notion that the gambler was guilty of some crime or misdemeanor.

He was about to express this opinion, but he was happily prevented, not by the belligerent attitude of Poker Joe, but through the more exciting incident of the arrival at that moment of Miles, the pony mail and express man, from Silverton. Badly frozen and exhausted almost beyond the power of speech, he dropped into the most convenient chair and feebly demanded a drink of whisky. After drinking the liquor he roused a little and stared vacantly about the room until his eyes rested upon the poor waif lying on the pool table.

"Praise God!" he exclaimed and relapsed into a mental condition so annoying to those who stood about eager for some knowledge of the girl, which they felt he possessed, that the barkeeper suggested another drink, which Miles accepted without the slightest acknowledgment of the courtesy.

By and by he was sufficiently aroused to be able to swallow a third dram of whisky and relate a thrilling tale of his trip from Silverton with the girl. He told how he had lost the poor child within a mile of Lake City, and afterward found her horse, and then pushed on through the storm to get aid in searching for her. After submitting to a round of abuse by the company for undertaking to conduct the girl across the mountains in the face of the storm, which, they declared, must have been more severe at the Silverton end of the road, Miles begged permission to explain. It was reluctantly granted.

"The gal got a telegram from Denver to come home right away," he said, "'nd's th' Silverton branch o' th' Rio Grande is blockaded at Durango her aunt, what th' gal was visitin' at Silverton, begged me so hard to fetch her over here 'nd send her out by stago to th' station on th' main line 'at I couldn't refuse nohow. Ye see," he faltered, glancing pityingly at the sleeping girl, "ye see, the gal's mother's dead—murdered Sunday night!"

A murmur of sympathy was expressed by the listeners. The sheriff turned his eager eyes upon the face of Poker Joe, who had returned to his seat at the poker table. He had been apparently deaf to the story told by Miles, and though his face still bore a deathlike hue he proceeded with his card playing as coolly as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Sheriff Smith was puzzled. He would have staked his life on the accuracy of his suspicions, but there was not the shadow of real evidence upon which to base a reason for placing the man under arrest. There were incriminating circumstances, however, which, since the identity of the girl was made known, had imbedded the suspicion deeper and deeper into the mind of the sheriff—Poker Joe's arrival in town that evening, his display of large amounts of money occasioned by his heavy losses at cards, his agitation caused by the presence of the girl and his excitement and anger at the words of the sheriff. But there was one thing absolutely requisite to the welding of these links of circumstances into a chain of evidence. It would be a disastrous venture for the sheriff if he should fail. He turned toward the pool table just as the barkeeper, who was industriously engaged behind the bar rubbing the glasses, looked up and for the first time realized the significance of the sheriff's recent remarks to Poker Joe. The shock he received from this gleam of intelligence caused him to drop a thin glass to the floor. The ringing of the broken glass startled the entire company from the reverie into which they had fallen. The sleeping girl awoke, sprang to a sitting posture on the pool table, and with a frightened look, as if she had awakened from some terrible dream, turned suddenly toward Poker Joe. She uttered a shriek of recognition and fell back on the table, hiding her face.

The gambler arose instantly. He clutched at his belt nervously, and staggering to the door passed out.

Major Downey, who by this time had fully realized and comprehended the sheriff's suspicions, approached him and whispered:

"Quick, Clare, or he will escape!"

"Wait," said the sheriff calmly, laying a hand on the major's arm. "It may not be strictly legal, but it will be better for the girl. Wait." Then, bending an ear toward the open door as if in anticipation, he motioned the excited persons surrounding him to maintain silence.

The snow had ceased falling. The outer atmosphere was cold and still. The moon ventured out from behind a shifting cloud and cast its glimmering light upon the shroud of snow.

The clear, keen ring of a pistol shot broke the mental tension of the listeners, who nodded significantly to each other. The girl on the cot started nervously and drew the covering more closely about her head and face.

"Poker Joe wins his bluff," Sheriff Smith remarked quietly, "but I had him on a dead square showdown."—Lewis Henry Eddy in San Francisco Argonaut.

#### Battles Decided by a Single Shot.

There are certainly three instances on record of a siege or battle having been decided by a single shot. First in order of importance was the shot—believed to have been fired by one of his own men—which killed Charles XII in the trenches of the fortress of Friedrichstein, which immediately led to the raising of the second siege of Friedrichshall. This is perhaps the most important musket shot ever fired in the history of the world. Next comes the discharge of the mortar fired by Lord Cochrane during the defense of Port Trinidad in 1808. This shot foiled a French surprise and saved the fortress. Lastly, there was the single discharge of grapeshot which saved the fortress and town of Haddington in 1548. The French invaders had actually forced their way into the outworks of the castle when the one well directed shot created such havoc in their densely packed ranks that there ensued an immediate panic, which ended in flight.—Popular Journal.

#### The Earth's Evolution.

In one of his recent remarkable lectures on some of the present aspects of geological science Dr. Roberts, as reported in The Colliery Guardian, explained some of the facts and phenomena of this character pertaining to Great Britain. Generalizing his subject, Dr. Roberts compared the changes which have in past ages taken place in the crust of the earth to the well known processes of waste and renewal going on in a living body. Briefly stated, the high portions of the earth, the rocks and mountains and solid land were being dissolved away and washed down into the valleys and thence into the seas by various natural processes, mainly frost and running water. Examples of the erosion of cliffs by the sea are afforded by the condition of Duncansby head and Staffa, and the crumbling mountain peaks, shattered into powder by nature's great weight—frost—emphasize the destructive capacity of that element.

#### The Greedy Young Cuckoo.

Various theories have been advanced in explanation of why should the cuckoo alone among birds delegate the duties of motherhood to a bird of another species. Only one of these theories, however, is worthy of attention. Richard Jeffries was of opinion that the cuckoo did not rear its own young, because the task of feeding three or four young cuckoos was more than any single pair of birds could accomplish. The incredible voracity of the cuckoo, he says, cannot be computed. The two robins, or a pair of hedged sparrows, in whose nest the young cuckoo is bred, work the day through and cannot satisfy him. The cuckoo's difficulty, or one of its difficulties, seems to be in the providing of sufficient food for its ravenous young. Three of them would wear out their mother completely, especially if—as may possibly be the case—the male cuckoo will not help in feeding.—Montreal Star.

#### Describing the Heroine.

In writing a story, girls, don't say your heroine has coral lips. That is cheap. And don't put any Swiss clocks on the mantel, and don't have the fire burning low in the grate, with an occasional coal falling to break the oppressive silence of the room. It is also bad taste to have the heroine wear white morning dresses. It makes more wash, and she can't do housework so well. Neither should she be tall and thin, with limp, short skirts flapping her heels and a small faded shawl pinned tightly around her spare shoulders. If you can't think of any other heroine to describe, picture your mother. She is probably the only heroine in your family anyway. A great many stories find their way into wastebaskets for the reason that if the heroine was as she is described the people would run from her on the streets.—Atchison Globe.

#### Punctuation.

Owing to defective punctuation, the following passage appeared in a German paper: "Next to him Prince Bismarck walked in on his head, the well known military cap on his feet, large but well polished top boots on his forehead, a dark cloud in his hand, the inevitable walking cane in his eye, a menacing glance in gloomy silence."—London Printing News.

#### Confined to His Room.

Father O'Flynn—How is your husband, Mrs. Flanagan?

Mrs. Flanagan—Faith, and it's confined to his room he is, your riverence!

Father O'Flynn—Indeed then I will see him at once.

Mrs. Flanagan—Ohone, but it's in the pinitentiary he is, sorr.—Popular Magazine.


# REVISED WATCH OFFER.

## WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

## FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

## FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

### WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

### SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

### GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

### HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

### NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

### DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

### SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

### SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

### NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

### "THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH. MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

### "THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488. PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

### SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

### HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

### SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

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69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

# NEW WAY TO STRIKE.

## PULLMAN'S EX-EMPLOYEES TO WORK IN CO-OPERATIVE CAR SHOPS.

**A Grand Enterprise Started by Leading Kansas Reformers—Prospects of a Genuine "Model Town"—Some Thoughts on Labor Day and Its Observance.**

[Special Correspondence.]

One day out of the 365 labor may now claim as wholly its own. It may devote itself with grim patience to the remaining days of the year. Of this one it is master. Labor day as a national holiday is an established fact. Monopolists, politicians, employers, may well afford to retire into oblivion for one 24 hours while industry takes a holiday and plays at being magnificent.

What though it is a sad exhibition in spite of cheerful brass bands, bright banners, spruce dress and hopeful faces of the marchers? What if the burdens and tragedies belonging to labor's cause be for one day put out of sight? What though it seems too much like a pageantry of slaves decked out in holiday attire for a grand review under the eyes of their masters? What if conservatives and capitalists, pleased at the brave appearance of uniformed unionists in fine marching array, convincingly question: "What's all this we hear about the distress of labor? Where's all the dangerous discontent, the suffering, the rebellion? These fellows are all right!" What of all this, for it is better labor should be recognized one day in the year than not at all, and it is an educator. The labor orators of the day know too much that is true. They cannot avoid telling some of it.

We love to make a fine showing once in awhile, we toilers, so do not wonder that our miseries do not form in line. Our stunted children, our wornout workers, our hungry, our pathetic unemployed make no part of the procession. Well, it is pleasant to leave them out of a day when we cannot possibly get them out of our lives. We do not expect the observance of the occasion will help us to get rid of them, but we want the day, since we have gained it, and we make the most of it.

But now that is over we cannot forget that fearful conditions and anxious problems still confront us. There are strikes yet pending in which employees have been fairly starved into defiance. The deep, bitter dregs of the last great struggle are settling, each minute atom falling only to form a deadly element for some future terrible fomentation. The army of the unemployed, though changed as to its individuality, is larger than ever, and the new recruits are less able to bear the hardships of tramp soldiering. Skilled men, whose deft fingers can work miracles in productive art, are living only by the fluctuating supplies of a "relief store." Those actually employed find life but one round of toil, anxiety and deprivation.

The remedies to this condition of affairs lie deep, and only patient delving or great upheavals can make them available. A strike, the wage earner's most natural weapon, is no longer the effective measure it once was. Conditions are changed. Time was when a group of workingmen could say to their employer: "You are not paying us enough, or your rules are unjust. There must be a change, or we will not work." The employer might say: "It is impossible to change. I can get others to work on my terms." "We do not believe it. Let us put it to the test," the workers would reply and throw down their tools. A few days sufficed to decide which was right. Often it was proved other men could not be found to fill the places of the discontented. If by chance they could, there was an end of it.

Under the conditions of today there is seldom any doubt but that men can be found among the innumerable ranks of the unemployed to fill all vacancies left by strikers. Their success must depend upon the amount of sympathy they are enabled to attract, upon their powers of persuasion over workers who come to take their places and upon the limit of endurance of their stomachs as pitted against the bank accounts of wealthy corporations. But it is hard to create a public sympathy with nine papers out of every ten paid to represent the capitalistic side of the question. Persuasion is a weak barrier to put up between a hungry father and husband and a possible job, and "sitting down hungry on one's doorstep to wait for the proprietor to grow poor," as Nellie Bly puts it, is a pitifully hopeless way to fight. Whatever the provocation, strikers are supposed never to use violence. Any means so forcible as to be effective in carrying out the object of the strike is not to be countenanced by law abiding people. So, summing it all up, what hope is there in the strike carried out on the old lines?

But within the last week a scheme has been proposed which certainly bears written on it the promise of practicability and success. The plan originates in Kansas and is to be carried out by such people as the governor and lieutenant governor of the state, Professor Blackmer, Mrs. Mary E. Lease, C. A. Allen, the inventor, and other energetic and broad minded individuals. A co-operative stock company has already been formed for the manufacture of a new style of palace, sleeping and dining cars. Eighteen patents cover the improvements which will be made. Pullman and Wagner have both tried in vain to purchase them. The cars will not cost half as much as Pullman cars in the construction and will be vastly superior. The Pullman workers are to be taken to Kansas in a body and given work in the new shops to be built there on a co-operative basis. Stock to the amount of $75,000 has already been sold and 640 acres of land has been offered in Brown county upon which to erect the plant. Lawrence will offer equal inducements to have it established there.

What better method could possibly be conceived by which the arrogant and heartless Pullman could be met as he deserves? The proposition is so excellent and sensible one fears only that it may not be carried out. But even if by any possible means this particular plan should fail of being executed, other enterprises of the same nature can and will succeed. The idea is the thing. Setting the workers to producing co-operatively in competition with unjust manufacturers is the most logical method of protesting against injustice that can be proposed.

It will be urged that the means for starting new competitive industries will be difficult to raise; that an inventor will not always be at hand to improve production and lessen the cost; that the wholesale removal of a community of workers is not always practical, etc. True, there may be many objections. But never has there been an important strike that thousands of dollars were not subscribed for relief. Once this principle obtains, funds would be as readily subscribed for new co-operative manufactories as for charity. With the erection of every new factory new ideas spring into existence which render production easier and better. Where mines are concerned, new veins or fields could be explored and purchased. Even new lines of railroads might be built when once the system is well established. It is cheaper to turn the owners out and keep on working in the old places, but this plan is contrary to law and therefore not as practical. Nothing more than bare suggestions can be presented in a brief article such as this must be. But the thought may be elaborated ad libitum by the reflective reader. In the meantime it is sincerely to be hoped that this Kansas colonization enterprise will prove a grand success, and that Pullman may find himself lacking in the sources of his immense power. He cannot be touched through his intelligence, his humanity or his sense of justice. He may be through his pocket.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES,
40 Greenwood avenue, Chicago.

**Cheap Labor Is Un-Christian Labor.**

In China wages are 6 cents a day. Man is the cheapest thing that walks the earth, excepting perhaps woman. The Japanese boast of a superior civilization, but even among them man is the chief beast of burden, and for a few pennies per day one can get himself transported in a two wheeled vehicle over the narrow roads of the country, with a fellow man serving the double function of horse and lackey.

Cheap labor is the inevitable accompaniment of slavery. From paganism to Christian civilization is an ascending scale of wages. Shall we, in this country of light, liberty and Christian homes, permit industry to be orientalized? If we permit it or palliate it in servile submission to an un-Christian spirit of greed, then we assist in running the hands on the dial of civilization backward and deliberately put on pagan garments. Where labor is cheap, life is cheap. Where the woman is a slave to the man, the man is a slave to the ruling despot. Where the despot is a rapacious, effeminate, sensual mogul, the god typified in the pagan idol is set up in his own image. May the lesson of cheap men and cheap wages in the east not be lost. We propose to maintain intact Christian wages, Christian homes and Christian morals in America, and to protest in a Christian spirit against all attempts to orientalize them.—Donahoe's Magazine.

**Are Men Things?**

Vice President Wickes of the Pullman company deserves credit at all events for being perfectly frank in his testimony before the national labor commission. When Chairman Wright asked him if it would not be a good plan to increase the wages of men in prosperous years, he demurred and said: "We go into the market for men just as we do for materials. It is all regulated by the law of supply and demand. We don't recognize the men as members of unions, but as individuals. If they are not able to plead their own case, it is their own misfortune." The antique British myth that employers only are men and employees only things has seldom been better put. Even the old English economists never uttered it with such naive brutality. It implies, of course, that Mr. Wickes and those who think like him buy their men as they buy their iron, their coal, their lumber or the other things that they buy, according to the law of supply and demand. There is no trace whatever of the fundamental truth of human brotherhood and its obligations. Mr. Wickes is a century behind the sociological times. Men are not things; they are brothers, with the same capacities and aspirations and rights to have those capacities exercised and those aspirations gratified.—New York Press.

**When the Struggle Will End.**

They may try professors like Ely for heresy, break the backbone of a strike by the unconstitutional introduction of the military power, as in Chicago, distort law to deprive men of their natural and acquired rights, endeavor to adjust a controversy when one party to it is already hors de combat, or men may be incarcerated in jails by sycophantic judges, the educational factors are at work, organized labor is at the helm, and there can be no end to all this turmoil until educated ignorance is dispelled by the living issue perforce presented by the rough yet noble struggle of organized labor for right and justice to itself and all mankind.—Samuel Gompers.

**Killed the Beautiful.**

An interviewer asked William Morris, the great English poet and artist:

"How did you come to be a socialist, Mr. Morris?"

"I was led to it, I think," he replied, "by noting how ugly civilization is. We have practically killed the beautiful in this nineteenth century. Railways are ugly, streets are ugly, clothes are ugly, lives are ugly. Capitalism has plunged us into a morass of ugliness out of which there seems no escape. Of course all that is much better expressed by Ruskin, but he thinks the remedy is in a return to the past, whereas I look to a new future."

## MAN MAY YET FLY.

**Wonderful Birdlike Machine Constructed by Professor Lilienthal.**

Can a man fly? Learned professors of the sciences of aeronautics agree that he cannot, and a formidable commission of experts appointed by the German government to investigate into the possibilities of aerial navigation have finally and decisively and officially said that it is impossible. Still an ingenious and observant German of the name of Otto Lilienthal, after a long series of experiments and in the face of the decisions of the eminent scientists, has succeeded in proving that a clever man can fly, and fly for considerable distances too.

Professor Lilienthal, like most men who have solved difficult problems, has gone clear away from the principles to which other men have found limitations. When he decided to fly, in other words, he left the possibilities afforded by the balloon entirely out of his calculations. Balloons, said he, are crude affairs, dangerous, not to be depended upon, nondirigible and clumsy. There is nothing in nature built upon the principle of the balloon, yet there are things in nature which can fly, and fly much better than the best balloons. Those things are birds. To the birds, then, I will go for the model of my flying machine. And to the birds he went.

From these same birds it was that Professor Lilienthal learned the true principles of aerial navigation, which principles he has succeeded to a degree in adapting to the uses of man. He first learned that it is the concave shape of a bird's wing that enables it to soar, rising or falling at will without muscular exertion in the teeth of a high wind. Then he learned that a bird's wing bones are constructed similarly to those in a man's arm. Knowing these things, he built his flying machine, or, to be more correct, his soaring machine. He made for himself of light but impervious cotton cloth and split willow wands two immense wings 23 feet from tip to tip, and a practicable if not highly ornamental rudder or tail.

He preserved in their construction as nearly as possible the form of a bird's wings and tail, increasing the parabolic curve of the bird's wings to the exact proportionate degree for his larger ones. These wings and the tail, weighing in all only 25 pounds, are so constructed as to fold up like the wings of a bat. Having completed them, the professor adjusted them to his arms, took a run along a hilltop and calmly and confidently jumped over the side, spreading his wings as he did so. He soared some distance and alighted in safety and comfort. He repeated his experiment many, many times, learning how to control his apparatus, how to change direction, how to rise or descend at will. He improved his wings and tail and kept on practicing until now he can soar for several hundred yards, rise to a much greater height than he started from and fulfill most of the functions of a big bird, save only that of propelling himself in still air and starting his flight from level ground. These two things a man is not strong enough to do, the bird possessing much greater strength for its size and weight than the most muscular man. But what Professor Lilienthal lacks in strength he has made up in ingenuity, for he has now constructed a little motor, operated by carbonic acid gas, which, while it adds scarcely anything to the weight of his flying apparatus, is capable of developing continuously two horsepower, or more than enough energy to work the wings. Indeed in the first trial the little motor developed too much strength and broke the wings, putting a stop to further experiments for the time.

If Professor Lilienthal succeeds in perfecting the great invention, the practicability of which he has already demonstrated, and in making aerial navigation on the simple principles favored by the birds safe for mankind, he will have achieved a notable triumph over the wonderful forces of nature as well as the world's greatest scientists. And he seems very likely to succeed, unless he should grow careless in handling his experimental wings and perchance fall victim to the awful fate which overtook the lamented and legendary Icarus, the first man who attempted to fly.—Chicago Times.

## THE BALLOON CYCLE.

**The Latest French Army Means of Carrying War Dispatches.**

There floated over the hamlet of Villeneuve la Garenne the other afternoon in midair a balloon. Suddenly it appeared to burst and fell rapidly toward the earth. Fearing that a disaster had occurred, the terrified folk ran to the spot at which they expected the aerostat would reach the ground, when to their amazement they saw a parachute detach itself from the car and descend gently. Immediately the earth was touched one of the passengers jumped upon a small bicycle which he had brought with him from the aerial regions, and he disappeared in the direction of Levallois, in the neighborhood of Paris, as rapidly as the machine could carry him.

The explanation of this singular occurrence is simple. The balloon was the Caliban, and the ascent was made from Levallois by Captain Capazza and M. Hervieu, the latter being the cyclist. Their object was to test the possibility of a balloon being used for carrying war dispatches, and they assumed that an enemy succeeded in destroying it. Yet they proved that by means of the parachute they would be able to make good their escape and to outdistance their pursuers with the aid of the portable bicycle.—London Telegraph.

**Boat Propelled by a Turbine Wheel.**

Several trials have been made on the Elbe with a boat propelled not by the ordinary screw, which replaced the paddle wheel, but by means of a turbine wheel. The inventor, Herr Zenner, states that a much greater speed can be obtained than with the screw, because the friction is much less. Three boats have already been constructed on this pattern.—Westminster Gazette.

## A CURIOUS CALLING.

**Sweeping For Lost Anchors In the Bottom of Vineyard Sound.**

Sweeping for lost anchors is one of the curious and remunerative trades of Martha's Vineyard sailormen.

When a likely spot is reached, the sweeping line is made ready. It is small, about the size and strength of a whaleboat's towline. In its middle two weights are bent about 10 feet apart. One end of the line is fastened to the stern of the schooner, while the other is taken into the boat. Three men step into the boat and row some distance away from the schooner. Then they range the boat so she will drift with the tide with the weighted sweepline on bottom. Schooner and boat proceed at equal speed, and the line between the weights drags on the sand ready to catch on any projection, be it anchor, wreck or rock.

The man in the stern of the boat handles the sweep most gingerly. He is ever in readiness to pay it out when it catches on an obstruction. Sometimes a mile of water will be swept before the line brings up. Then comes a sudden yank, and all hands are on the qui vive. The boat signals the schooner to stop, and the vessel is brought into the wind so as to lie practically motionless. The crew of the boat back on the oars, while the man in the stern slowly hauls in the sweepline, being very careful not to dislodge it. Foot by foot it comes into the boat, as that frail craft gradually draws near the schooner. Then one of the weights comes to the surface, and a few seconds later the sweep between the sinkers is examined for traces of rust. If the line exhibits the reddish tinge, the sweepers are confident that an anchor has been caught. The utmost care is exercised so as not to dislodge the line from the fluke or stock of the anchor, for if that accident occurs the laborious work must be repeated.

The men in the schooner have at hand a chain or heavy rope, in one end of which is a thimble or eye. The other or free end is bent to the sweepline and then carefully pulled down to the obstruction, under or around it and to the surface by the boat's crew. When this work is performed, a chain occupies a position formerly held by the sweep. The free end of the chain having been passed through the eye at its other end, a sort of slipnoose or running bight is thus formed. The noose is worked down to the anchor, and when the sweepers are reasonably sure it has fallen to the proper position strain is brought to bear on it, and an effort is made to raise the anchor to the surface.

If the anchor weighs 60,000 pounds, it is a difficult matter to break it out of the sand, but by dint of backing and filling the schooner this is usually accomplished, and the ungainly mud hook is raised to the surface and got aboard by means of purchases.

If the anchor is in good condition, it can be sold, according to the iron market, at varying prices. There are today a hundred tons of anchors thus secured by Vineyard Haven sweepers that should bring 3 cents per pound.—Boston Herald.

**"Once Upon a Time."**

The dark continent is now nothing like its name. We know it almost from end to end and side to side, along each of its lines of longitude and parallels of latitude. True, Rider Haggard has civilly tried to cheer us back into the old paths of eerie belief, but though he does well in the matter and gives us momentary thrills he fails to convince us. His thousand year old queens and cavernous treasure chambers are exceedingly welcome, yet when we get to the word "Finis" it is all up with fancy. We shut the book, exclaim, "Pretty good for a lie!" and resume our unromantic work at so much an hour or so much a year, fundamentally unconsoled, though the romancer has romanced ever so closely to nature's lines.

As for commonplace, "Once upon a time," we laugh it out of court. The tale that presumes to come before us marked across the brow with the words, "I'm a pleasing but wholly improbable story," may be good enough for our children in knickerbockers and short frocks, but it won't do for us. We demand subtle stories of living and moving individuals, and every action and gesture of the persons on the pages must ring and feel true and thoroughly rational ere the book as a whole can be praised.—All the Year Round.

**Married Curates.**

Marriage seems a great failure in the case of curates. One of them writes of the sad lot of his class as follows: "When vicars in charge of fashionable suburban parishes insist on having only young and unmarried curates, it may, in the opinion of mere worldly men, be very nice for the girls, but is it very good for the church? Why do married vicars invariably advertise for unmarried curates? Are their own marriages all failures? My case is a common one. I am a curate and want work. But I am too old, being no less than 37 years old, and I am married, so of course must stand aside. That I have enough income to live on is lucky for me, but does not alter the case. My father served as a curate nearly all his life, and I thought I might at least be permitted to do the same, but the action of the bishops in ordaining men wholesale during the last 25 years has enabled the majority of vicars to reject all who, like myself, are old or married, and so we are left in the sad position of your humble servant, who signs himself 'Out of Work.' "—London Telegraph.

**Why He Laughed.**

The leader Damrosch once took an aged Hebrew friend to hear Meyerbeer's opera of "The Huguenots." Suddenly the old man burst into a loud guffaw, as if some funny idea had struck him. "Why do you laugh?" inquired Damrosch. "Laugh! It's de beth game I ever thaw. Vy, dare's a bloomin lot o' Protethanth an Catholicth a-killin of each other to music written by a Jew. Ha! ha! I'll come every night."


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Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4305 Wentworth av; Michael Reilly, V-P; M D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 32d st; James Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

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Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 5021 Lake av; P Cunningham, F S; B O McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

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Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lemay, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1925 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Howson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 5305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 526 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Throop-st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemmeter, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn-av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1043 W 83rd st; R S, J V Cook, 766 W 63d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 63d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 445 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 961 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1068 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2301 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9239 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 913 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Monart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Joe H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 189 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 32rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 39 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1027 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 836 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 223 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3906 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3723 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, vs. Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy, Patrick Kennedy, Robert Berger, as Trustee, Henry Martin and John Holloway. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order of said Probate Court entered in the above entitled cause, on the 20th day of September A. D. 1894, the undersigned will, on Wednesday, the 31st day of October A. D. 1894, at Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Judicial Sales Rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which the said decedent John Reynolds had, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts of decedent, situate in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot One (1) in Dickey & Baker's Subdivision of Block Five (5) of Thompson & Holmes' Subdivision of the East 45 acres of the North 60 acres of the Southeast quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section Seventeen (17) Township Thirty-eight (38) North Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) principal meridian, subject, however, to a trust deed, dated May 31, 1889, given by said John Reynolds to Robert Berger, Trustee, to secure the note of said John Reynolds, of even date with said trust deed, for the sum of $500, payable to the order of William J. Nissen, three (3) years after date thereof. Terms of sale: Cash on delivery of deed. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale has been approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Sept. 24, 1894.

PATRICK J. McCARTHY.
Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, LAWYERS, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. September Term A. D. 1894. Ove Gedde vs. Burt P. Gates and Aloise C. Gates. In Chancery. No. 160,038.

Notice is hereby given to the said Burt P. Gates and Aloise C. Gates that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago in said Cook County, on the first Monday of September A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

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